THE SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN

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.



EDITED BY

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To HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	vii
THE SONGS			•											•			I
NOTES																	
TEXTUAL .	•	•			•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•	•	•	137
GENERAL.	•														•		141
INDEXES																	
FIRST LINES		•							•	•		•					191
NAMES AND	TI	TL	ES														193

DRROWER'S	ISSUE	BORROWER'S	DATE	
				1
	.\	-		
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			_	
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			_	-
				_
	_			-
		_		
		11	1	

LIST OF FACSIMILES

V	Ah fading joy how quickly art thou past . [Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675, I, 70–71]	7
VII	Make ready fair lady to-night [The Village Opera, 1729, Air XLV]	8
XI	DRY THOSE EYES WHICH ARE O'ERFLOWING [The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, No. 2]	14
XII	GO THY WAY	15
XIV	HARK MY DAMILCAR WE ARE CALLED BELOW [British Museum: Addit. MS. 19759, ff. 29v-30]	19
XVIII	AFTER THE PANGS OF A DESPERATE LOVER [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 8]	25
XIX	CALM WAS THE EVEN AND CLEAR WAS THE SKY [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 9]	27
XXI	Beneath a myrtle shade	31
XXII	Wherever I am and whatever I do [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 37]	33
XXIII	How unhappy a lover am I	37
XXIV	FAREWELL FAIR ARMEDA MY JOY AND MY GRIEF [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 10]	39
XXV	Why should a foolish marriage vow [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 39]	4 I
XXVI	WHILST ALEXIS LAY PRESSED	43

XXVIII	Long betwixt love and fear Phillis tormented [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 59]	45
XXIX	THE DAY IS COME I SEE IT RISE [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 60]	47
XXXV	CAN LIFE BE A BLESSING	55
XL	FAREWELL UNGRATEFUL TRAITOR	59
XLII	Tell me Thirsis tell your anguish [Choice Ayres and Songs, 1683, IV, 80-81]	62
LIII	GO TELL AMYNTA GENTLE SWAIN	74
LXXX	Ask not the cause why sullen spring [Mercurius Musicus, March, 1699, pp. 45-47]	103
LXXXII	Chloe found Amyntas lying [Deliciae Musicae, 1695, II, 2]	106
LXXXIII	What state of life can be so blest [Thesaurus Musicus, 1694, II, 31]	109
LXXXIV	Young I am and yet unskilled [The Gentleman's Journal, January and February, 1694, p. 35]	III
LXXXIX	HAPPY AND FREE SECURELY BLEST	129
XCII	HIGH STATE AND HONORS TO OTHERS IMPART [Choice Ayres and Songs, 1683, IV, 21]	134

INTRODUCTION

TT IS something of a paradox that John Dryden, the greatest of English neo-classical poets, should have achieved his most enduring triumph in the field of lyrical poetry. Yet Alexander's Feast and the almost equally glorious Song for St. Cecilia's Day have been more universally applauded and are to-day more widely known than any of his other poems. We of this generation have become so thoroughly imbued with the notions of a century and more of practising Romanticists, who for our delectation have poured forth in song their variegated personalities and souls, that the possibility of objective lyrical poetry seldom occurs to us. To Dryden there was no paradox in the fact that Alexander's Feast, as impersonal a production as any of his satires, was esteemed by his contemporaries the best of all his poetry. "I thought so myself when I writ it," he confessed in 1697, shortly after the ode was published, "but being old, I mistrusted my own Judgment." Here too is a fact worth pondering. Dryden was sixty-six when he composed what has more than once been denominated the noblest lyric in the English language. At an age when the fire of many a more sensitive, more introspective, talent has long since burned itself to ashes, Dryden's robust neo-classical genius flared higher than ever.

Dryden's lyrical gift was his constant possession during the whole of his literary career. "Ah fading joy," which he wrote for *The Indian Emperour* in 1665, has a haunting, almost overpowering, beauty that he never in his shorter songs was able to surpass. *The Secular Masque*, possibly his last composition before his death in 1700, shows literally no decay in his peculiar powers. Nearly all of his shorter lyrics are to be found in his plays, but a few were published in successive volumes of the *Miscellany Poems*. Their variety is extraordinary, their general level of attainment astonishingly high. Again and again we

come upon the most mellifluous harmonies, the loveliest felicities of phrase, — whole poems, indeed, that are almost perfect in form and expression. It was seldom that he fell below the high standard that he set for himself. But at the same time he never managed to achieve anything quite so graceful as Sedley's Knotting Song, so gay as Dorset's Lines Written at Sea, or so moving as three or four songs of Rochester's. There is a definite analogy here with his accomplishment as a dramatist. His plays represent by all odds the most characteristic and distinguished contribution to the English drama made by any one Restoration playwright; but it was reserved for Wycherley to write The Plain Dealer, and for Otway to write Venice Preserved. Just so Dryden habitually winged his lyrical flight at a level higher than his fellows were able except occasionally to attain, but momentary bursts of inspiration carried some of them at times above him.

I do not mean to imply that Dryden's songs are faultless. Too many of them, especially his most characteristic love-songs, are marred by a recurrent note of cynicism and sensuality, by an unpleasant insistence upon the physical aspects of love amounting almost to morbidity (so it seems to me), and only imperfectly concealed by the conventional euphemistic disguise in which his immodest conceptions are garbed. Dryden's use of double entendre is in accord with the practise of his contemporaries, but it is in bad taste for all that, and the more so because he borrows for the purpose the language of religious inspiration. So subtle are a handful of his songs that a reader uninitiated in the code of the seventeenth-century cours d'Amour is not at all unlikely to miss the point of some of his insinuations. I have myself at a revival of Marriage A-la-Mode heard one of his most indecent lyrics sung with perfect propriety because the audience, when they comprehended the indistinctly enunciated phrases at all, accepted them literally and failed to grasp their real signification. But all of Dryden's songs are not love-songs, and not all of his love-songs are, from the point of view of frankness, in such doubtful taste.

Songs are but dead, remarks "honest" John Playford in the

preface to his collection of Choice Ayres, 1676, unless they have "Airy Tunes to quicken them." And it should be borne constantly in mind that practically all of Dryden's songs were set to music and sung in plays or at concerts before they were printed and offered to the reading public. Unfortunately Dryden's career as a dramatist was nearly over before the flowering of Henry Purcell's genius, and the older men with whom he collaborated were all possessed, in comparison with Purcell, of very moderate abilities. The most gifted of the numerous English composers writing for the stage during the early years of the Restoration was probably Pelham Humphrey; but Dryden employed him, so far as I have been able to discover, to write the music for only two songs, "Ah fading joy" and "Wherever I am," and he died prematurely in 1674. Robert Smith, Alphonso Marsh, Nicholas Staggins, and other musicians of the second and third rank, set the bulk of his theater-songs during these years, and their compositions, while interesting enough as guides to the musical taste of the Restoration public, are uninspired and extremely conventional in both motif and melodic design.

In 1685 Dryden made the mistake of inviting Louis Grabu to compose the music for his first opera, Albion and Albanius. Pelham Humphrey is said to have asserted of Grabu that "he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose." And yet Charles II, whose fondness for things French was exceeded only by his lack of musical taste, made him Master of the Royal Music over the head of the able native composer and violinist, John Banister. Albion and Albanius, at any rate, was a fiasco—in part, no doubt, because of the death of Charles II, but chiefly because of the quality of Grabu's music.

It was not until 1690, following the production of Betterton's operatic version of *The Prophetess*, that Dryden learned to appreciate the merit of Henry Purcell, and invited him to write the music for *Amphitryon*. "What has been wanting on my Part," he says in the preface to that play, "has been abundantly supplyed by the Excellent Composition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whose

Person we have at length found an English-man, equal with the best abroad. At least my Opinion of him has been such, since his happy and judicious Performance in the Late Opera; and the Experience I have had of him, in the setting my Three Songs for this Amphitryon: To all which, and particularly to the Composition of the Pastoral Dialogue, the numerous Quire of Fair Ladies gave so just Applause on the Third Day."

But Dryden wrote only three more dramatic pieces after Amphitryon, and though well seconded by Purcell in King Arthur and Cleomenes, he turned to John Eccles for the music in Love Triumphant. It is difficult to imagine why he broke with Purcell, for in the preface to King Arthur he remarks that music has been brought to a greater perfection in England than ever before, "especially passing through the Artful Hands of Mr. Purcel, who has Compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but by an ignorant, ill-judging Audience." Operatic versions and revivals of some of Dryden's earlier plays—The Indian-Queen, The Indian Emperour, The Tempest, Tyrannick Love—were produced between 1690 and 1695, and for these Purcell supplied some of his best and most typical dramatic music. But he probably worked in these instances at the request of the managers rather than of Dryden himself.

The canon of Dryden's songs is rather more definite than the ephemeral nature of such compositions would lead one to expect. To be sure, his part in the lyrical portions of the plays which he wrote in collaboration with other dramatists will probably never be exactly determined. And Professor Saintsbury has raised the question whether he did not have a hand in one or more of the songs inserted in Betterton's *Prophetess*, an adaptation from Fletcher and Massinger erroneously ascribed to Dryden by Langbaine. He certainly contributed a prologue to this opera, and the best song in it, "What shall I do to show how much I love her," seems much above the literary powers elsewhere exhibited by Betterton: Another song, "Farewell, fair Armeda, my joy and my grief," is almost as dubious, for here the internal evidence is at variance with a contemporary attribution in *The Rehearsal*. These two are the only anony-

mous or doubtful songs that have been ascribed to Dryden with any show of probability, and I have included them for the sake of completeness in the present edition. As for the English hymns, first printed in 1706 and assigned to Dryden on purely conjectural grounds, no evidence of a tangible nature has as yet been adduced. I have, of course, printed his translation of Veni Creator Spiritus, which was published under his name during his lifetime.

It has been my aim in preparing this edition to bring together within a single volume all of Dryden's songs — all of his lyrical compositions, that is to say, which he intended should be sung to the accompaniment of music. I have adopted a chronological arrangement, based upon the dates of the works (usually first editions of plays or miscellanies) from which I have derived the texts of the songs; and in the Notes at the end of the book I have presented a certain amount of previously inaccessible information concerning the earliest musical settings. I have also included facsimile reproductions, showing the contemporary musical notation, of as many of the original airs as I have been able to recover, with the following exceptions:

- (1) Purcell's music for Amphitryon, King Arthur, Cleomenes, and other plays.
 - (2) Grabu's music for Albion and Albanius.
- (3) The music by Daniel Purcell and Finger for The Secular Masque.
 - (4) Draghi's music for the 1687 ode on St. Cecilia's Day.
 - (5) Blow's music for the ode on the death of Henry Purcell.

Of the music in the foregoing list, that by Henry Purcell is, of course, available in *The Works of Henry Purcell*, admirably edited for the Purcell Society. The work of the remaining composers is both long and relatively tedious, and it has, for reasons of economy, seemed inexpedient to reproduce it.

The material for this edition was largely assembled while I was in England in 1930–1931 as holder of a Frederick Sheldon Fellowship in English from Harvard University. Most of the song-books, miscellanies, and single songs (or songs printed

on single sheets from engraved copper plates) which I have consulted in the preparation of the volume are preserved in the British Museum, and I wish to express my gratitude for the many courtesies extended to me there, as well as at the other libraries, in particular the Bodleian Library and the Harvard College Library, where I have been privileged to pursue my studies. I wish also to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professors George Lyman Kittredge and Hyder Edward Rollins, who read the work in manuscript and generously offered many detailed and valuable suggestions for its improvement.

C. L. D.

THE SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN

You twice Ten Hundred Deities, To whom we daily Sacrifice; You Powers that dwell with Fate below, And see what men are doom'd to do; Where Elements in discord dwell; Thou God of Sleep arise and tell Great Zempoalla what strange Fate Must on her dismal Vision wait. By the croaking of the Toad, In their Caves that make aboad, Earthy Dun that pants for breath, With her swell'd sides full of death; By the Crested Adders Pride That along the Clifts do glide; By thy visage fierce and black; By the Deaths-head on thy back; By the twisted Serpents plac'd For a Girdle round thy Waste. By the Hearts of Gold that deck Thy Brest, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck: From thy sleepy Mansion rise, And open thy unwilling Eyes, While bubling Springs their Musick keep, That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

[The Indian-Queen, 1665, ACT III]

Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below Sink under Love and Care, While we that dwell in Air Such heavy Passions never know. Why then shou'd Mortals be Unwilling to be free From Blood, that sullen Cloud, Which shining Souls does shroud? Then they'l shew bright, And like us light, When leaving Bodies with their Care, They slide to us and Air.

[The Indian-Queen, 1665, ACT III]

Ш

SONG.

You to whom Victory we owe, Whose glories rise By sacrifice, And from our fates below; Never did yet your Altars shine Feasted with Blood so nere divine; Princes to whom we bow, As they to you, These you can ravish from a throne, And by their loss of power declare your own. [The Indian-Queen, 1665, ACT V]

IV

I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
Where many days did lower,
When lo one happy hour
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State:
A day shall come when in thy power
Thy cruel Foes shall be;
Then shall thy Land be free,
And thou in Peace shall Raign:
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.

[The Indian Emperour, 1667, ACT 11]

\mathbf{V}

SONG.

I

Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past?
Yet we thy ruine haste:
As if the cares of Humane Life were few
We seek out new:

And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.

2

See how on every bough the Birds express In their sweet notes their happiness. They all enjoy, and nothing spare; But on their Mother Nature lay their care: Why then should Man, the Lord of all below Such troubles chuse to know As none of all his Subjects undergo?

3

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall; And with a Murmuring sound Dash, dash, upon the ground, To gentle slumbers call.

[The Indian Emperour, 1667, ACT IV]

VI

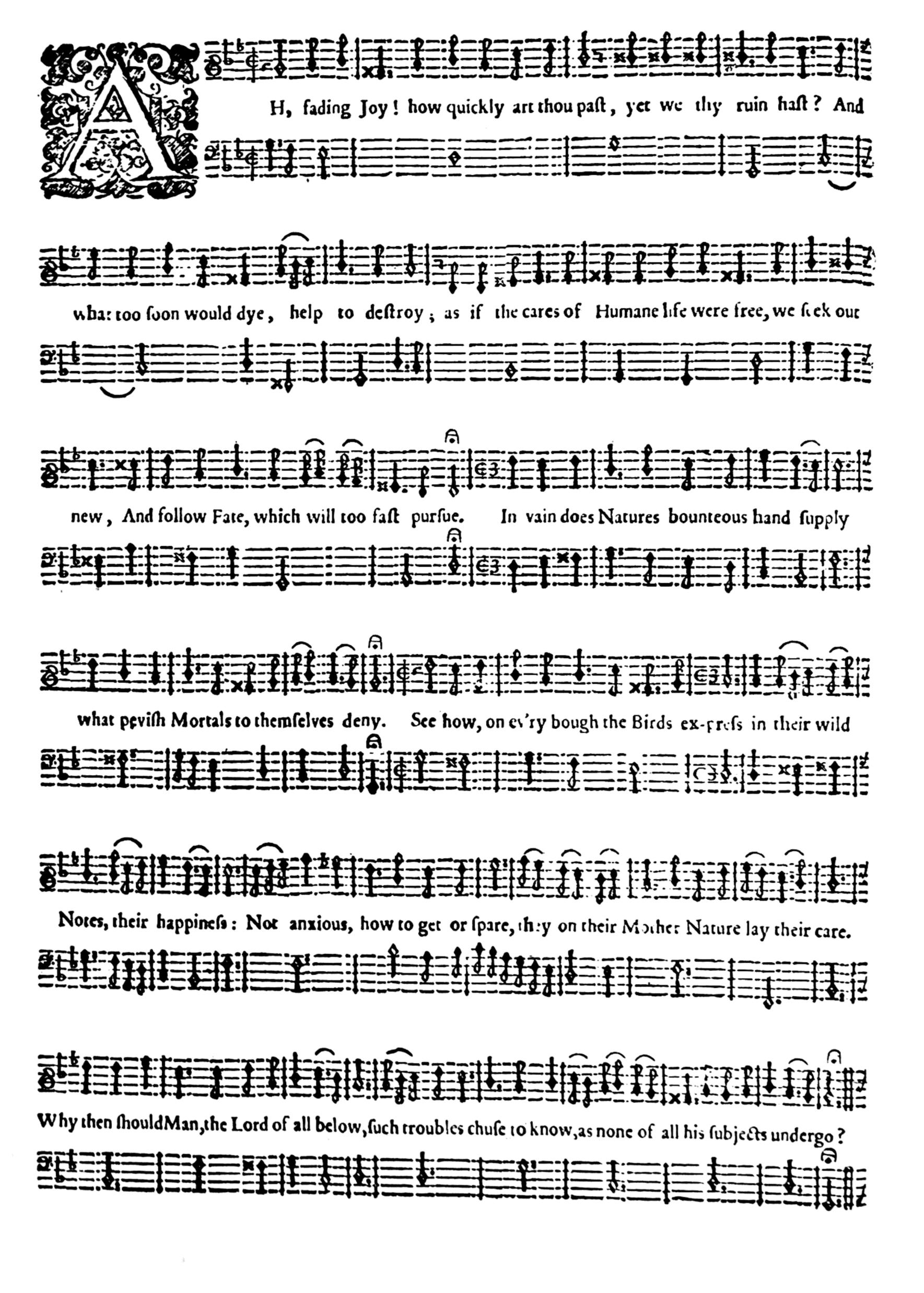
Song.

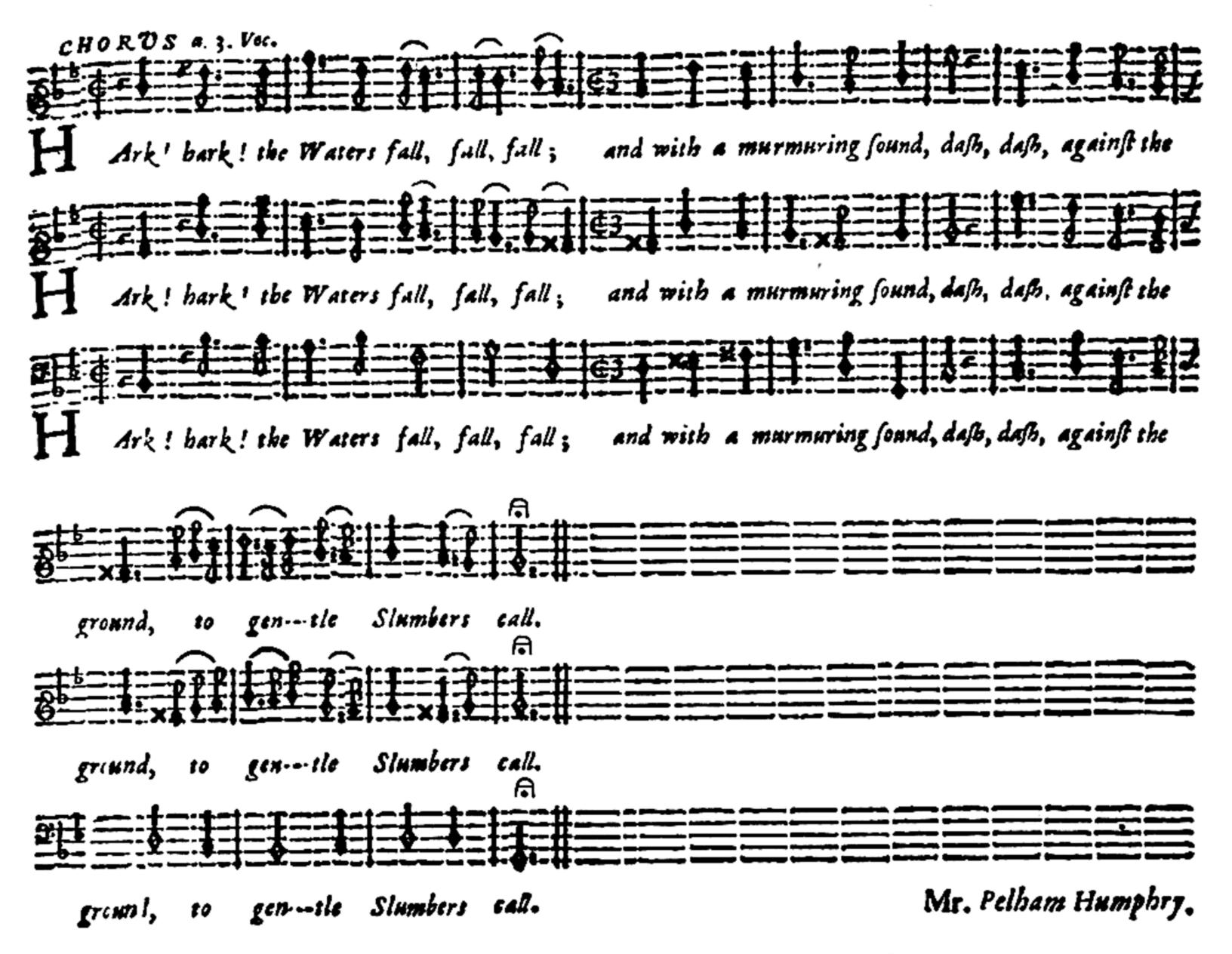
T

I feed a flame within which so torments me That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me: 'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it, That I had rather die, than once remove it.

2

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it, My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it: Not a sigh nor a tear my pain discloses, But they fall silently like dew on Roses.





Song V. [Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675, I, 70-71]

AIR XLV. Make ready, fair Lady, to-night, &c.



Song VII. [The Village Opera, 1729, Air XLV]

3

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel, My heart's the sacrifice as 'tis the fuel: And while I suffer this to give him quiet, My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

4

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me; While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me: To be more happy I dare not aspire; Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

[Secret-Love, 1668, ACT IV]

VII

Ι

Make ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And to your true Love you shall go.

2

And when the Stars twinckle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E're the jealous can spye,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

[Sir Martin Mar-all, 1668, ACT IV]

VIII

The SONG.

Ι

Blind Love to this hour
Had never like me, a slave under his power.
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.

2

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights;
From my heart still I sigh
And my Eyes are ne're dry,
So that *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am to the top of Love's happiness rais'd.

3

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleasure to doat and desire,
Such a pretty soft pain
That it tickles each vein;
'Tis the dream of a smart,
Which makes me breathe short when it beats at my heart.

4

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am despis'd, I my freedom would get;
But streight a sweet smile
Does my anger beguile,
And my heart does recall,
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

5

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry ones heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded and miss:
Then blest be loves Fire,
And more blest her Eyes that first taught me desire.

[Sir Martin Mar-all, 1668, ACT v]

IX

A Dialogue within sung in parts.

T

- 1D. Where does proud Ambition dwell?
- 2. In the lowest Rooms of Hell.
- 1. Of the damn'd who leads the Host?
- 2. He who did oppress the most.
- I. Who such Troops of damned brings?

2. Most are led by fighting Kings.

Kings who did Crowns unjustly get,

Here on burning Thrones are set.

Chor. Kings who did Crowns, &c.

2

- I. Who are the Pillars of Ambitions Court?
- 2. Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it support.
- 1. What lyes beneath her feet?
- 2. Her footsteps tread, On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.
- Can Heaven permit such Crimes should be Rewarded with felicity?
- 2. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
 And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.
 Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
 And we in visions lord it o're their sleep.
- Cho. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns, &c.

[The Tempest, 1670, ACT II]

X

Around, around, we pace About this cursed place, Whilst thus we compass in These mortals and their sin.

[The Tempest, 1670, ACT II]

XI

Dry those eyes which are o'reflowing, All your storms are over-blowing: While you in this Isle are bideing, You shall feast without providing: Every dainty you can think of, Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of, Shall be yours; all want shall shun you, Ceres blessing so is on you.

[The Tempest, 1670, ACT III]

XII

Ferdinand. Go thy way.

Ariel. Go thy way.

Ferd. Why should'st thou stay?

Ariel. Why should'st thou stay?

Ferd. Where the Winds whistle, and where the streams creep,

Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

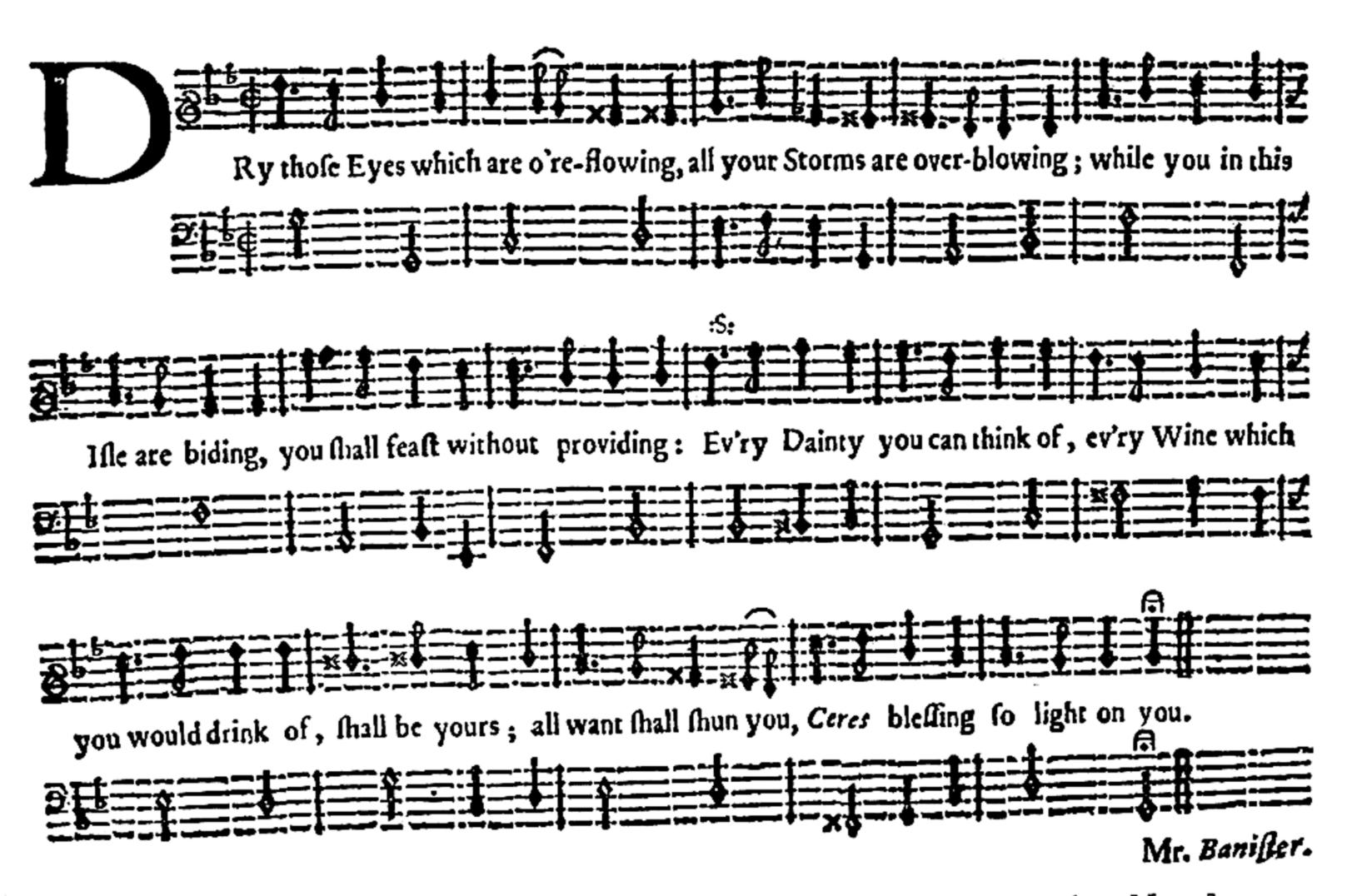
Ariel. For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?

Within this desart place

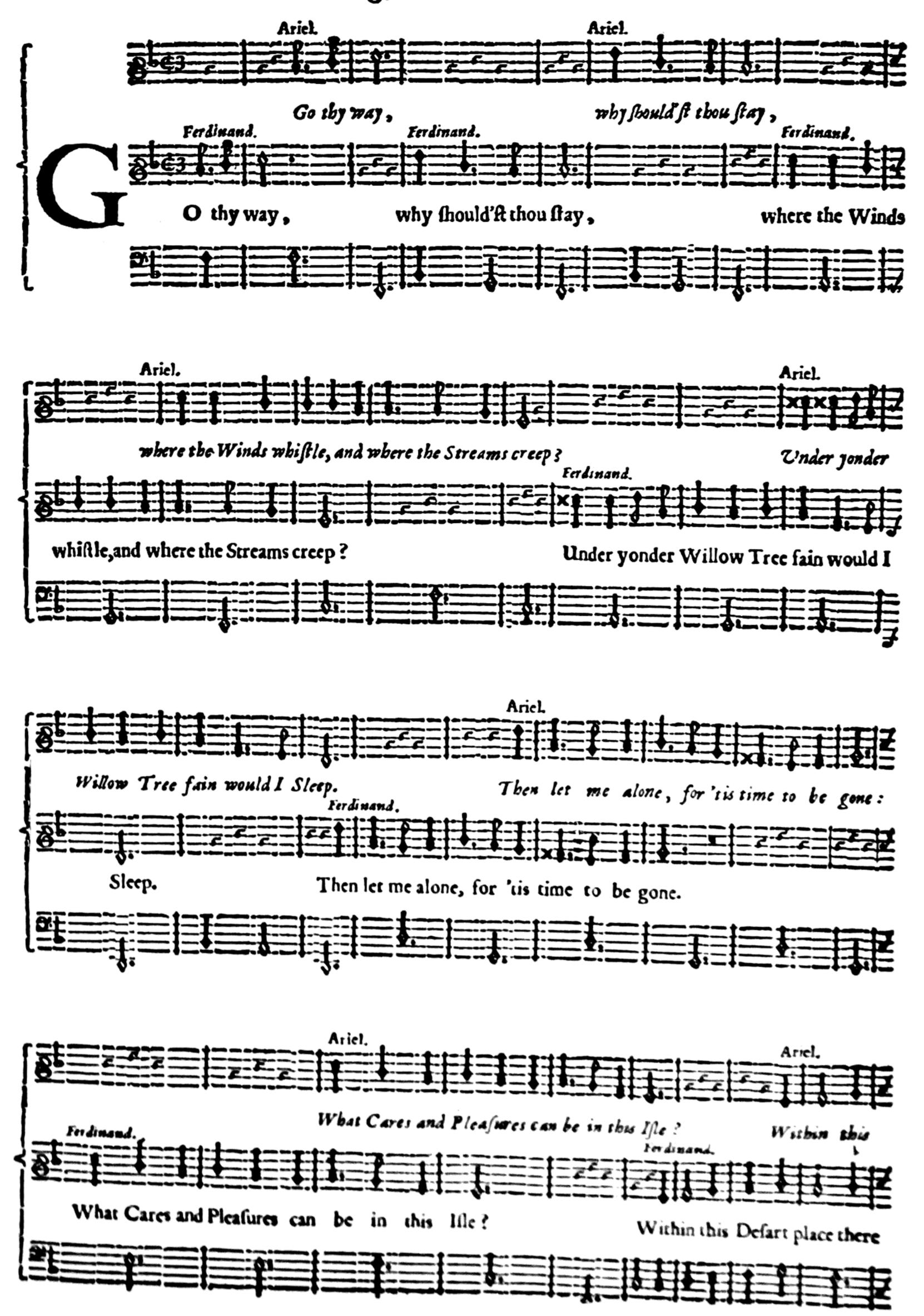
There lives no humane race;

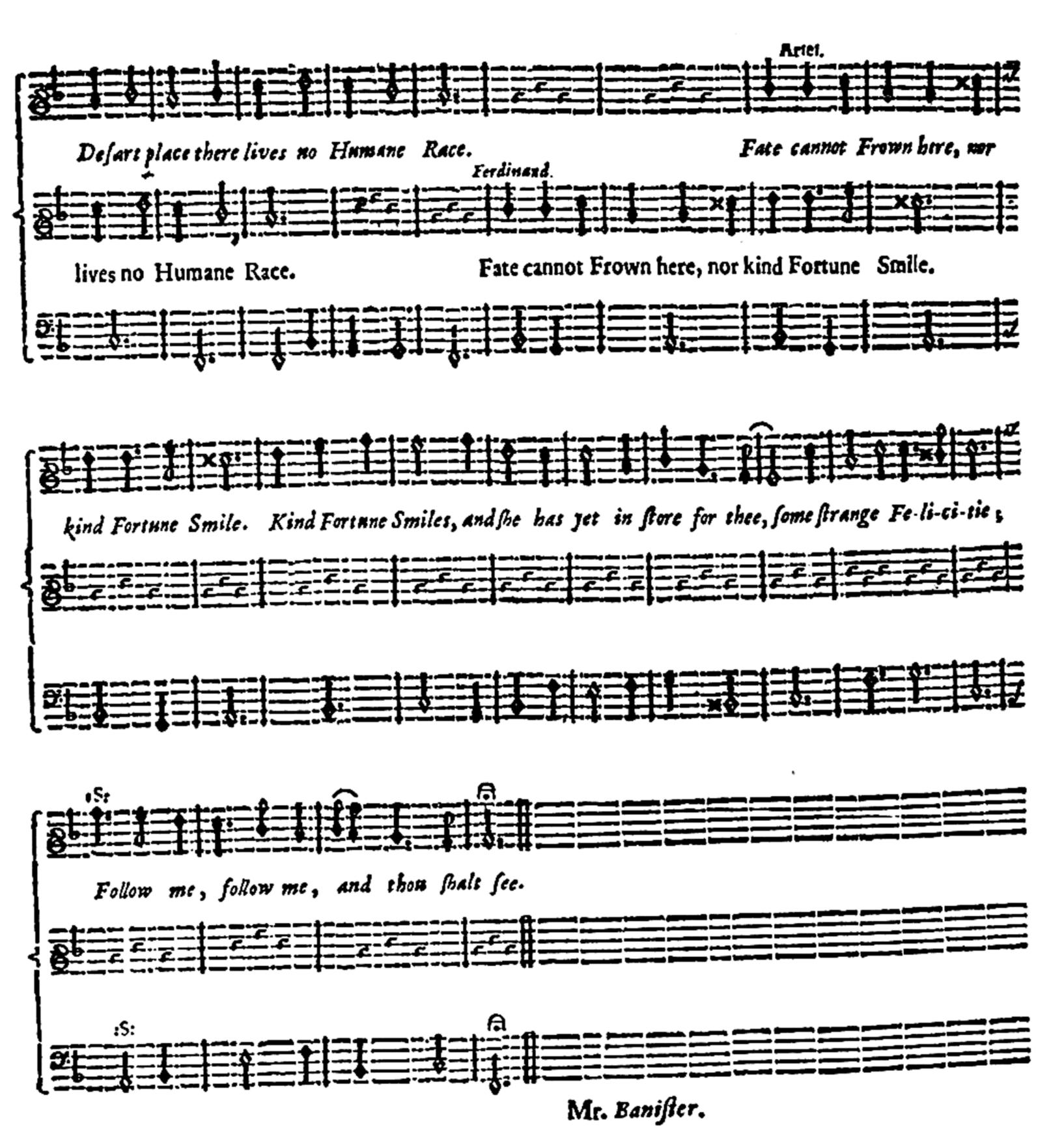
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.



Song XI. [The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, No. 2]

ECCHO Song, 'twist Ferdinand and Ariel.





Song XII. [The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, No. 3]

Ariel. Kind Fortune smiles, and she Has yet in store for thee Some strange felicity. Follow me, follow me, And thou shalt see.

[The Tempest, 1670, ACT 111]

XIII

We want Musick, we want Mirth, Up Dam and cleave the Earth, We have now no Lords that wrong us, Send thy merry Sprights among us.

[The Tempest, 1670, ACT IV]

XIV

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, we sail from the East Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feast.

Dam. In the bright Moon-shine while winds whistle loud,

Tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly, All racking along in a downy white Cloud: And lest our leap from the Skie should prove too far, We slide on the back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. And drop from above, In a Gelly of Love!

But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red, Dam.The Spirits of Fire against us make head!

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the Air: Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair; And to my light Horse-men repair.

O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to night; Dam.The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight: And o're the wide Ocean we fight! Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;

And hiss in the Water - - - -And hiss in the Water and drown!

Both. But their men lye securely intrench'd in a Cloud: Nakar. And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel sounds loud.

Now Mortals that spie Dam.How we tilt in the Skie With wonder will gaze;

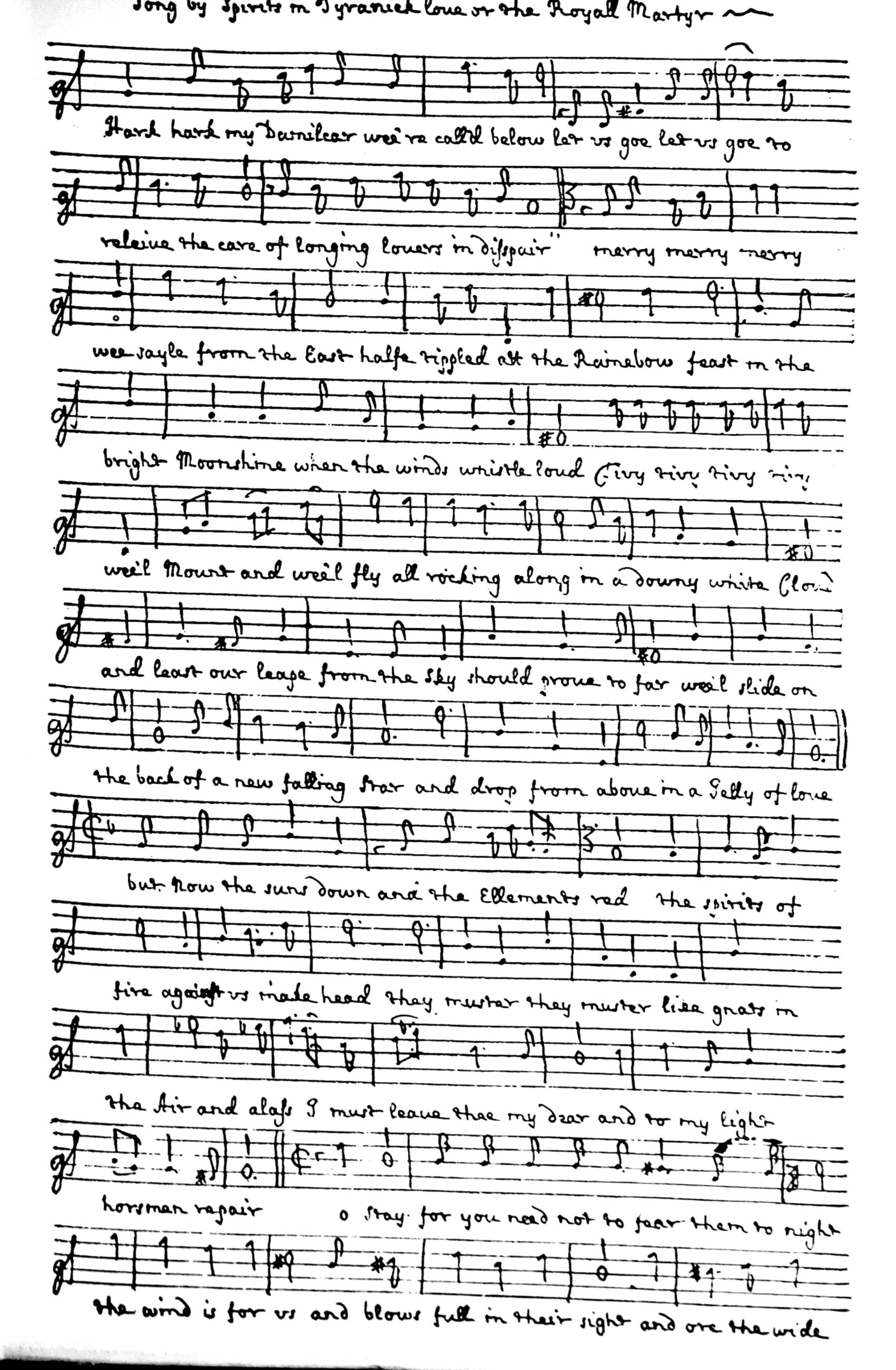
And fear such events as will ne're come to pass!

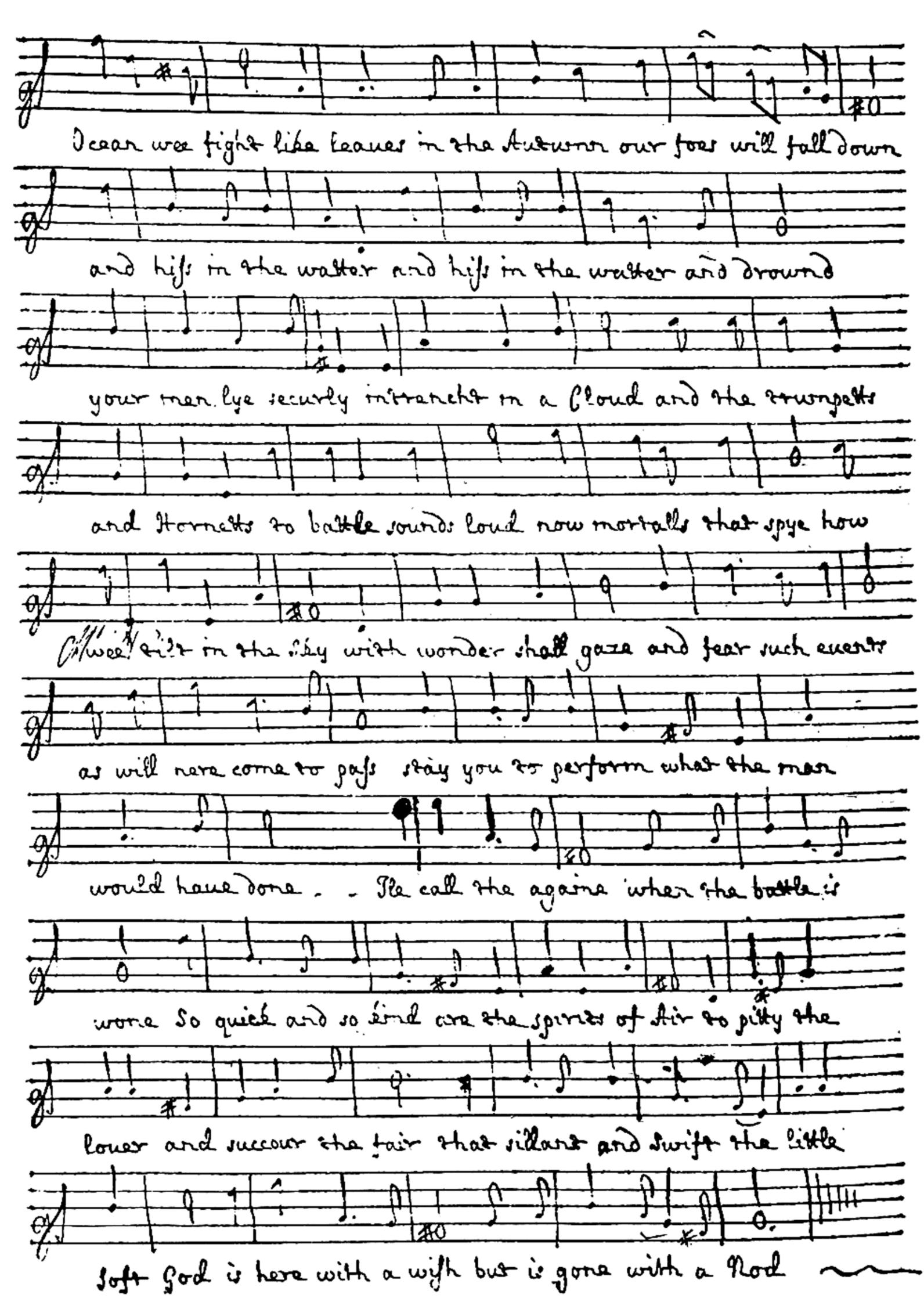
Stay you to perform what the man will have Nakar. done.

Then call me again when the Battel is won. Dam.

So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air Both.To pity the Lover, and succour the fair, That, silent and swift, the little soft God Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

[Tyrannick Love, 1670, ACT IV]





Song XIV. [British Museum: Addit. MS. 19759, ff. 29v-30]

XV

You pleasing dreams of Love and sweet delight, Appear before this slumbring Virgins sight:
Soft visions set her free
From mournful piety.
Let her sad thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the Melancholy Love
Of those remoter joys above
Give place to your more sprightly fire.
Let purling streams be in her fancy seen;
And flowry Meads, and Vales of chearful green:
And in the midst of deathless Groves
Soft sighing wishes ly,
And smiling hopes fast by,
And just beyond 'em ever laughing Loves.

[Tyrannick Love, 1670, ACT IV]

XVI

SONG.

T

Ah how sweet it is to love,
Ah how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Loves fire!
Pains of Love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm their smart.
Lovers when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easie death.

3

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

4

Love, like Spring-tides full and high, Swells in every youthful vein:
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in Age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

[Tyrannick Love, 1670, ACT IV]

XVII

SONG.

I

You charm'd me not with that fair face Though it was all divine: To be anothers is the Grace, That makes me wish you mine.

2

The Gods and Fortune take their part
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that heart
Which is anothers right.

3

First mad with hope we undertake
To pull up every barr;
But once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive warr.

4

Now every friend is turn'd a foe In hope to get our store: And passion makes us Cowards grow, Which made us brave before.

[An Evening's Love, 1671, ACT 11]

XVIII

SONG.

T

After the pangs of a desperate Lover, When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain, Ah what a pleasure it is to discover In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

2

When with unkindness our love at a stand is, And both have punish'd our selves with the pain, Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is, Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

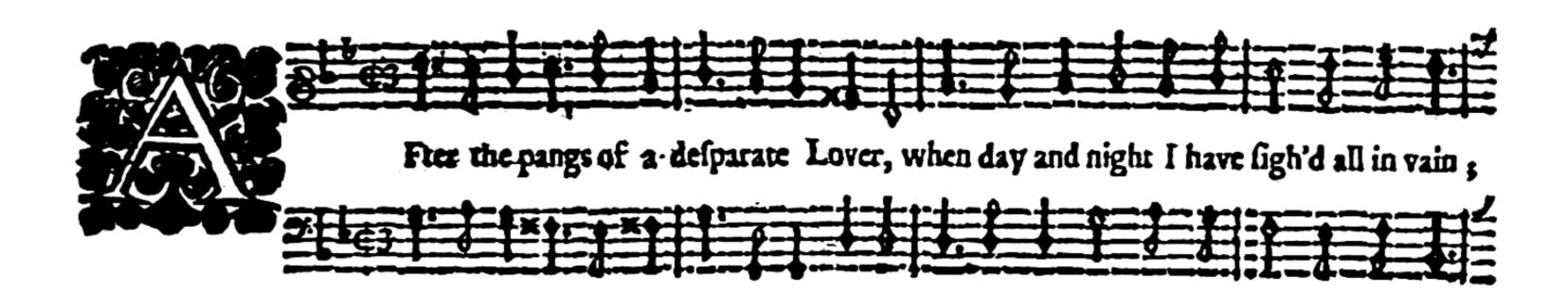
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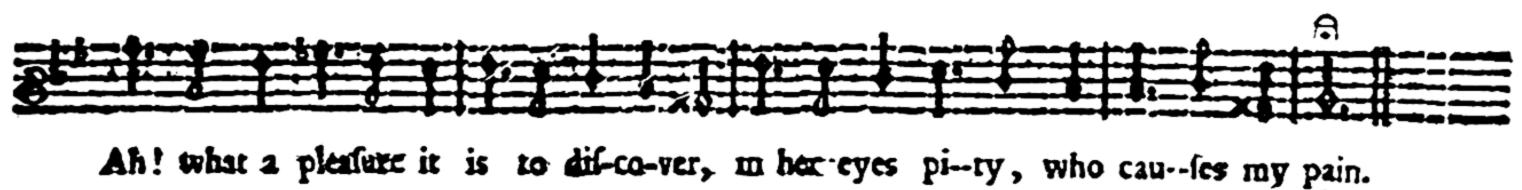
When the denyal comes fainter and fainter, And her eyes give what her tongue does deny, Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture, Ah what a trembling does usher my joy!

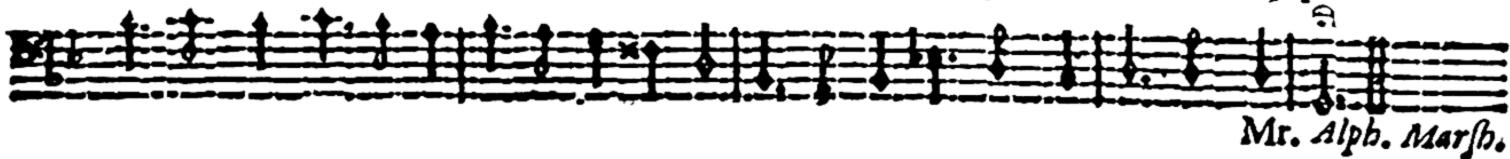
4

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing, And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain; Ah what a joy 'tis beyond all expressing, Ah what a joy to hear, shall we again?

[An Evening's Love, 1671, ACT II]







I.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is, And both have punished our selves with the pain, Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is! Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

11.

When the denyal comes fainter and fainter, And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture! Ah, what a trembling does ulher my Joy!

III.

When with a ligh, the accords me the bleffing, And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain: Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing! Ah! what a Joy to hear, shall we again !

Song XVIII. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 8]

XIX

SONG.

T

Calm was the Even, and cleer was the Skie,
And the new budding flowers did spring,
When all alone went Amyntas and I
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
I sate, and he laid him down by me;
But scarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear he began to draw near,
He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

2

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire;
But streight I convinc'd all his fear with a smile,
Which added new flames to his fire.
O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my brest,
But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha.

3

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear;
And therefore I pity'd his case:
I whisper'd him softly there's no body near,
And layd my cheek close to his face:



I i.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire;
But strait I convine'd all his sears with a smile,
And added new stames to his fire:
Ah, Silvia! said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a ha ha ha ha ha, ere.

III.

I knew twas his Passion that caused his sear,
And therefore I pity'd his case;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw:
And straight as our bliss, we began with a kiss,
He laught out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, ofter

But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw;
And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
He laughd out with A ha ha ha ha.

[An Evening's Love, 1671, ACT IV]

XX

SONG.

Ι

Damon. Celimena, of my heart,
None shall e're bereave you:
If, with your good leave, I may
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

2

Celimena. Passion's but an empty name
Where respect is wanting:
Damon you mistake your ayme;
Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
If you must be ranting.

3

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is,
As decaying liquor:
Anger sets it on the lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it workes it quicker.

Celimena. Love by quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physician's wit
Who to cure an Ague fit
Put me in a Feavor.

5

Damon. Anger rouzes love to fight,
And his only bayt is,
'Tis the spurre to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

6

Celimena. If such drops of heat can fall
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

[An Evening's Love, 1671, ACT v]

XXI

SONG.

Ι

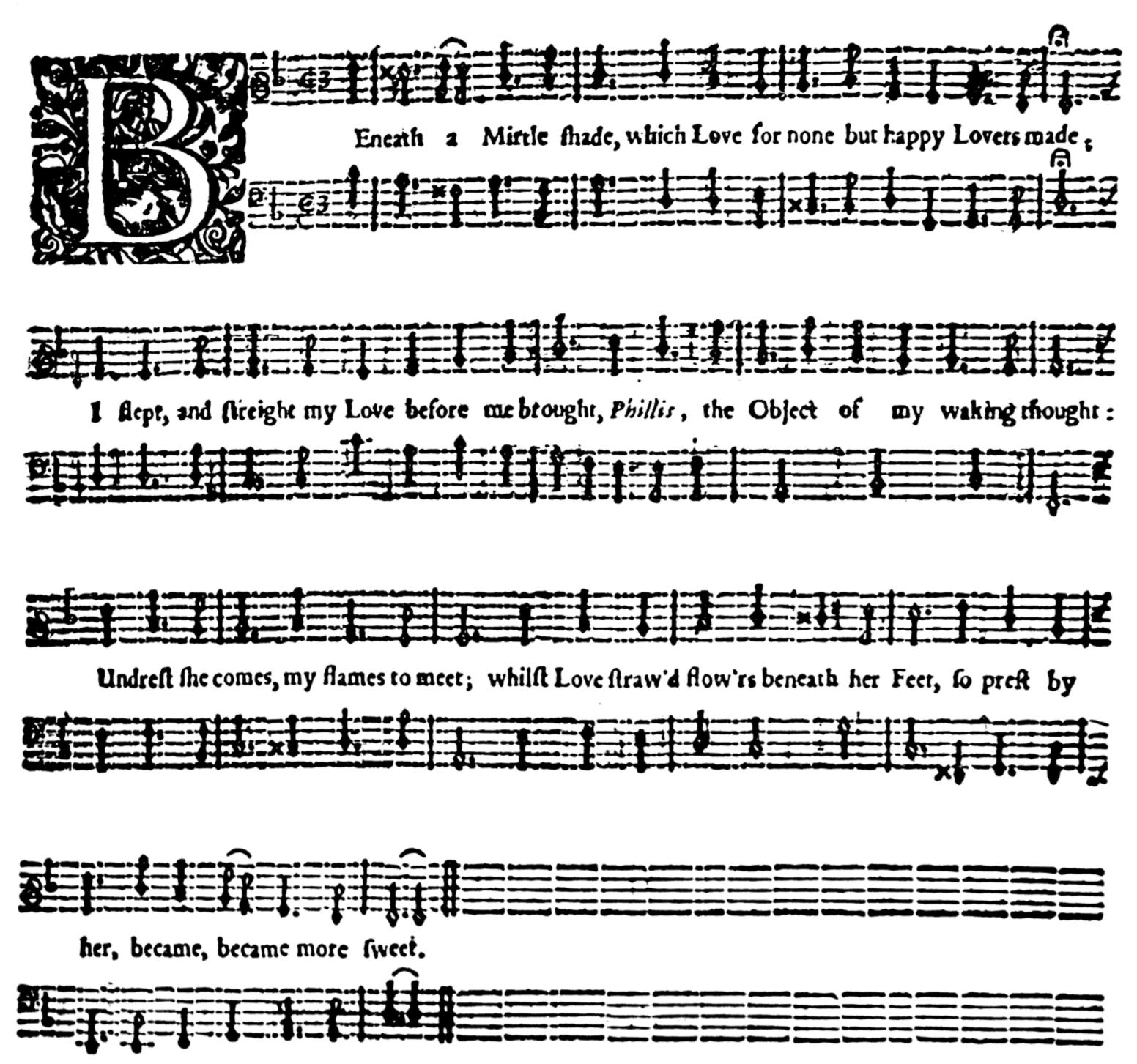
Beneath a Myrtle shade
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phillis the object of my waking thought;
Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
While Love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

2

From the bright Visions head
A careless vail of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine not too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inspire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:
But most her eyes which languish'd with desire.

3

Ah, Charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffring Lovers made:
Silence and shades with love agree:
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot blush because I cannot see.



Mr. John Banister.

From the bright Visions head,
A careless vail of Lawn was loosly spread;
From her white Temples sell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with desire.

Ah, charming Fair, faid I,
How long can you my blifs and yours deny:
By Nature and by Love this lovely thade
Was for revenge of futt'ring Lovers made.
Silence and thades with Love agree,
Both thelter you, and favour me;
You cannot bhith, because I cannot see.

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke, methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd;
And is it thus? Thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless maid, and so the dy'd.

V.
I wak'r, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your distain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain.
Assecp, or waking, you must ease my pain.

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid:
Faintly me thought she spoke, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd:
And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd!

5

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true:
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* wou'd not do!
Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain;
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

[The Conquest of Granada, 1672, ACT III]

XXII

SONG.

Ι

Wherever I am, and whatever I doe;
My Phillis is still in my mind:
When angry I mean not to Phillis to goe,
My Feet of themselves the way find:
Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
And when I would raile, I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind!



Mr. Alphonso Marshe

When Fhillis I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the Love I would stiffe is show'n:
But asseep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine eyes Phikis is gone.
Somtimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind;
But alass! when I wake, and no Phikis I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone!
Then I sigh to my self all alone!

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phillis again.
Let Phillis be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart with her be confined:
And envy no Monarch his reign:
And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alass! I discover too much of my Love;
And the too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love Phillis, both false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r.

Song XXII. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 37]

When Phillis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,
And the Love I would stifle is shown:
But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest
When from my Eyes Phillis is gone!
Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad mind,
But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis I find
How I sigh to my self all alone.

3

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He should offer his Treasure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind
I could to a Desart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Raign.

4

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own power!
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor mind
I had rather love *Phillis* both False and Unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

[The Conquest of Granada, 1672, ACT IV]

XXIII

Song, In two Parts.

Ι

He. How unhappy a Lover am I
While I sigh for my Phillis in vain;
All my hopes of Delight
Are another man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain!

2

She. Since her Honour allows no Relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your Fate,
(In a hopeless Estate,)
To give o're, and betimes to despair.

3

He. I have try'd the false Med'cine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no Food to its Fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.

4

She. Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore
Is as wretched and more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

He. O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phillis I'le lye:
I'le resign up my Breath,
And take pleasure in Death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.

6

She. What her Honour deny'd you in Life
In her Death she will give to your Love.
Such a Flame as is true
After Fate will renew,
For the Souls to meet closer above.

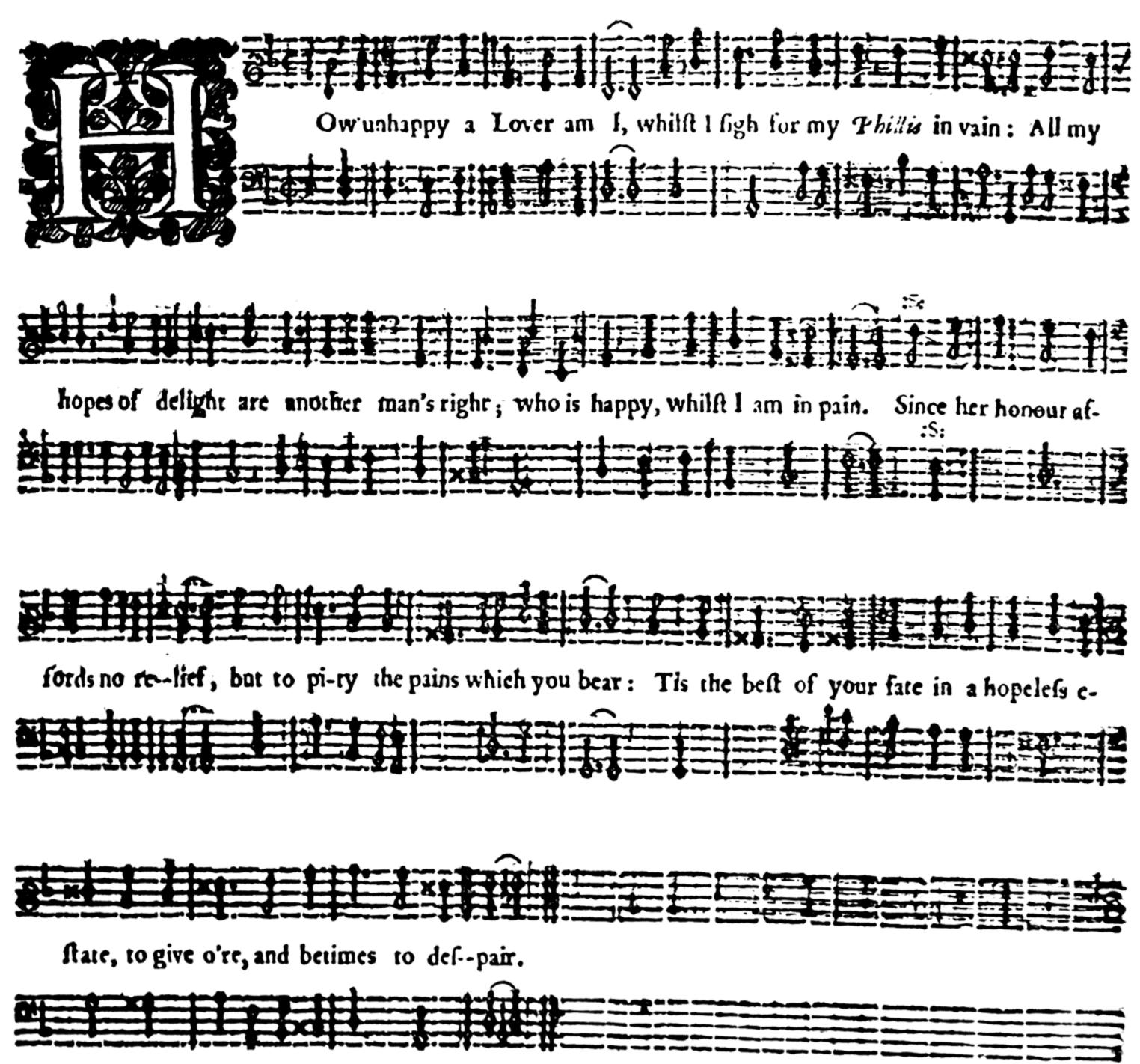
[Almanzor and Almahide, 1672, ACT IV]

XXIV

A SONG.

Ι

Farewel, fair Armeda, my Joy and my Grief;
In vain I have Lov'd you, and find no Relief:
Undone by your Vertue, too strict and severe,
Your Eyes gave me Love, and you gave me Despair.
Now, call'd by my Honour, I seek, with Content,
A Fate which in pity you wou'd not prevent:
To languish in Love, were to find by delay
A Death, that's more welcom the speediest way.



Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yet I with what I hope not to win:
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and confumes me within.
Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nimeh were desired.

For the Nimph you adore is as wretched or more, And accounts all your suffrings her own.

111.

O you pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Philliss I'le lye:
I'le tesign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When the souls do meet closer above.

Song XXIII. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 38]

On Seas, and in Battels, in Bullets and Fire,
The Danger is less than in Hopeless Desire.
My Deaths Wound you gave me, though far off I bear
My Fate from your sight, not to cost you a Tear.
But if the kind Flood on a Wave should convey,
And under your Window my Body should lay,
The Wound on my Breast when you happen to see,
You'll say with a Sigh, — It was given by me.

[New Court-Songs, 1672]

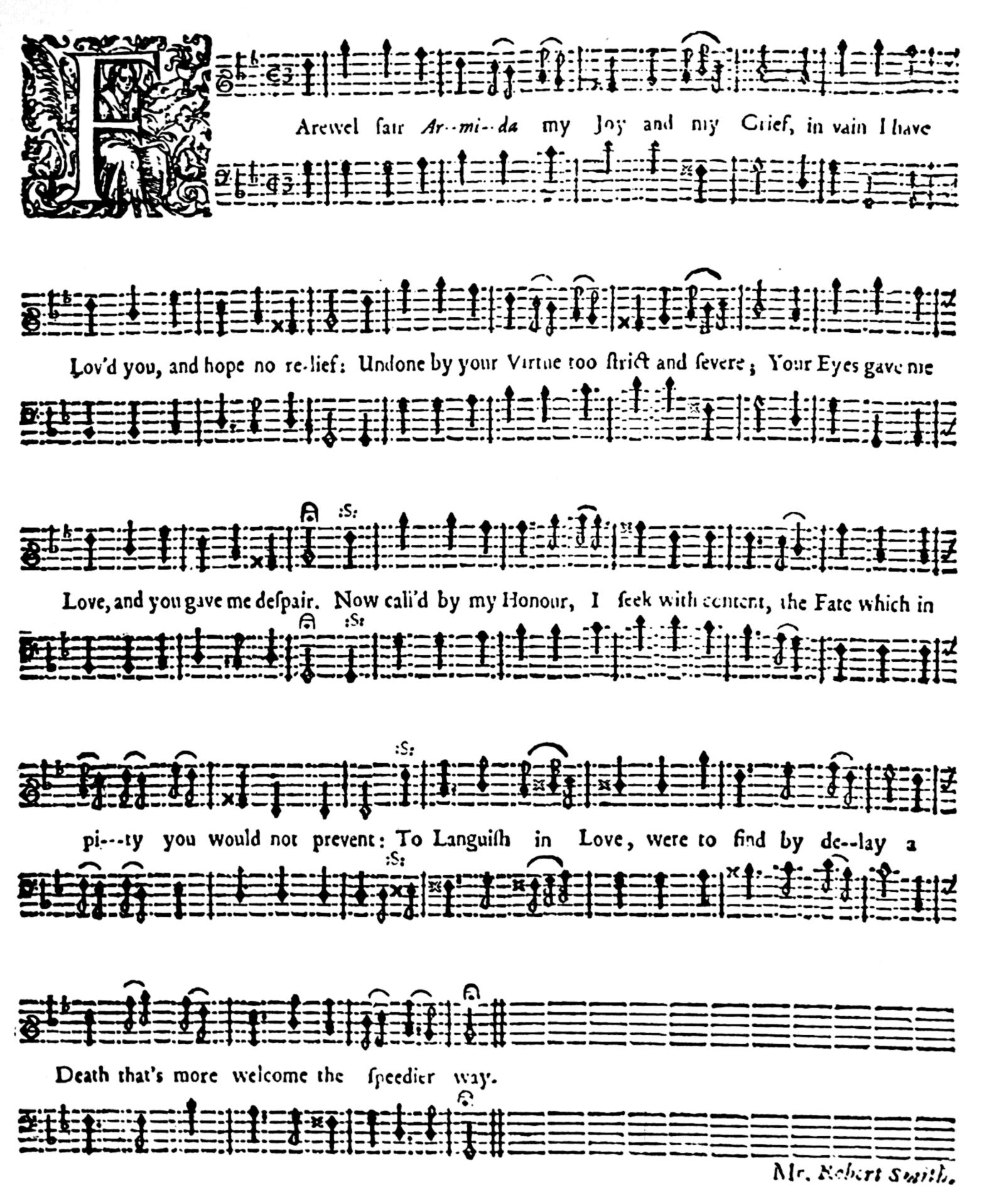
XXV

I

Why should a foolish Marriage Vow
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When Passion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both:
But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled:
'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

2

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
And farther love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?



On Seas and in Battles, in Bullets and Fire,
The danger is less then in hopeless desire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though sar off I bear,
My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear.

But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey, And under your Window my Body would lay: The Would on my Breast, when you happen to see, You'l say with a sigh, it was given by me

Song XXIV. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 10]

'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another:
For all we can gain,
Is to give our selves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

[Marriage A-la-Mode, 1673, ACT 1]

XXVI

SONG.

Ι

Whil'st Alexis lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her neck,
And his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2

When Cælia saw this, With a sigh, and a kiss, She cry'd, Oh my dear, I am robb'd of my bliss; 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done, To leave me behind you, and die all alone.



Mr. Robert Smith.

11.

If I have pleasure for a friend,
And surther joy in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
It's a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another;
When all we can gain
Is to give our selves pain,
And neither can hinder the other.

Song XXV. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 39]

The Youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
Till at length she cry'd, Now, my dear, now let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.

4

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they di'd; but the more they did so,
The Nymph di'd more quick, and the Shepherd more slow.

[Marriage A-la-Mode, 1673, ACT IV]

XXVII

Eveillez vous, Belles endormies; Eveillez vous: car il est jour: Mettez la tete a la fenestre Vous entendrez parler d'amour.

[The Assignation, 1673, ACT II]



Mr. Nicholas Staggius.

II.

When Calia saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss, She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss: 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done, To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

The Youth, though in hast, and breathing his last, In pity, dy'd slowly, whilst she dy'd more fast, 'Till at length she cry'd, now, my Dear, now Let's go; Now dye, my Alexis, and I will dye toc.

IV.

Thus intranc'd she did lye, while Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The Nimph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more slow,

Song XXVI. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 27]

XXVIII

SONG and DANCE.

I

Long betwixt Love and fear *Phillis* tormented, Shun'd her own wish yet at last she consented: But loath that day shou'd her blushes discover, Come gentle Night She said,

Come quickly to my aid, And a poor Shamefac'd Maid Hide from her Lover.

2

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,
I dare not tell my self my own desire;
But let Day fly away, and let Night hast her:
Grant yee kind Powers above,
Slow houres to parting Love,
But when to Bliss we move,
Bid 'em fly faster.

3

How sweet it is to Love when I discover, That Fire which burns my Heart, warming my Lover; 'Tis pitty Love so true should be mistaken:

But if this Night he be False or unkinde to me, Let me dye ere I see That I'me forsaken.

[The Assignation, 1673, ACT III]



II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my felf my own desire:
But let day fly away, and bid night hast her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But whom to blis we move, let them fly faster.

111.

How sweet it is to Love, when I discover
Those Flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover
'I is pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
If that this night he be
False, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm sorsaken.

Song XXVIII. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 59]

XXIX

Epithalamium.

Ι

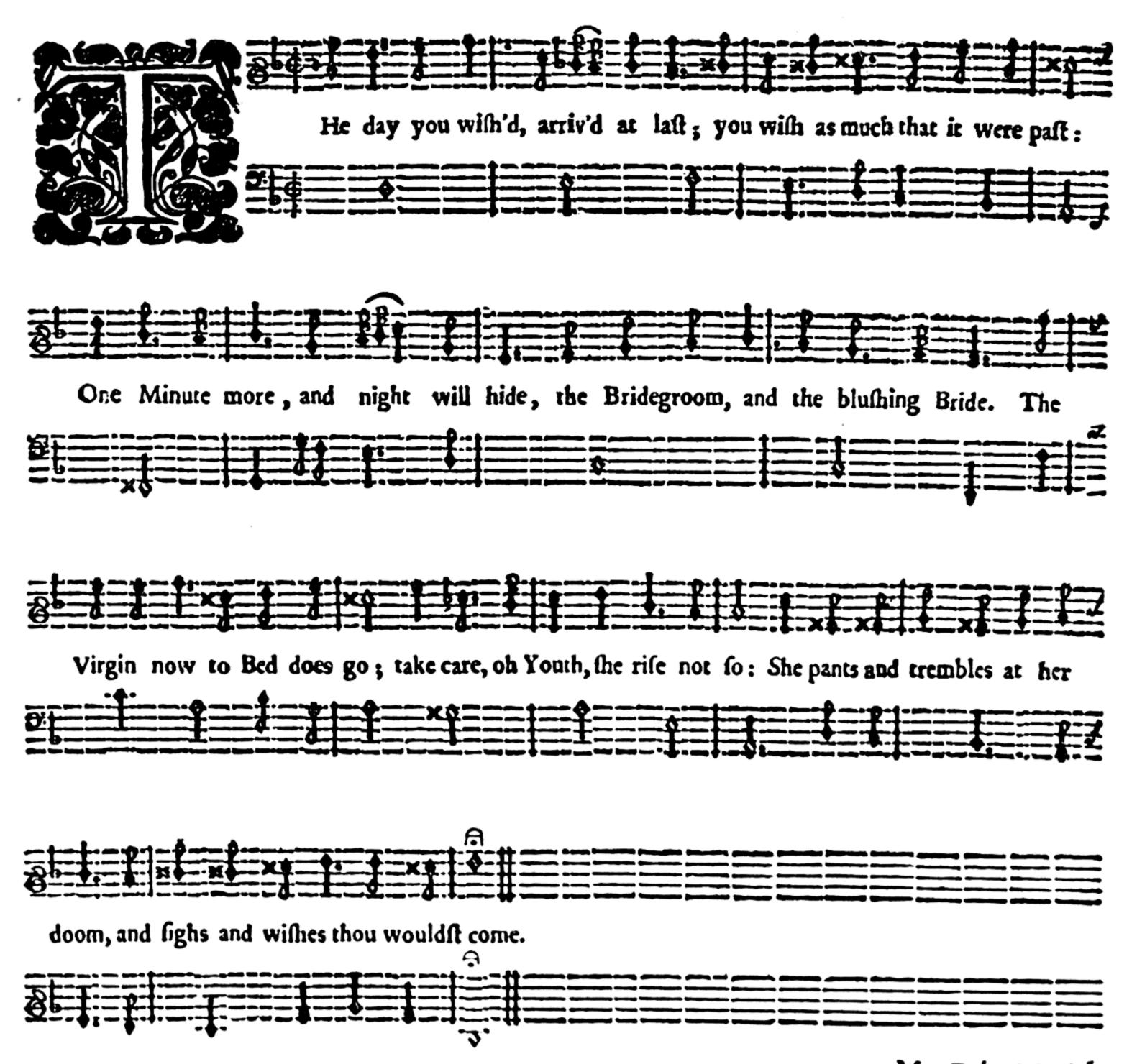
The day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden day they wish'd so long,
Love pick'd it out amidst the throng;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins and drove him on;
In his own Beams he drest him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better night.

2

The day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past,
One Minute more and night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed do's goe:
Take care oh Youth, she rise not soe;
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wishes thou wou'dst come.

3

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace With Love and Fury in his Face; She shrinks away, He close pursues, And Prayers and Threats, at once do's use,



Mr. Robert Smith.

The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does use:
She softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away:
Now out aloud for help the cryes,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.

Song XXIX. [Choice Songs and Ayres, 1673, p. 60]

SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN

She softly sighing begs delay, And with her hand puts his away, Now out aloud for help she cryes, And now despairing shuts her Eyes.

[Amboyna, 1673, ACT 111]

XXX

The Sea Fight.

Who ever saw a noble sight, That never view'd a brave Sea Fight: Hang up your bloody Colours in the Aire, Up with your Fights and your Nettings prepare, Your Merry Mates chear, with a lusty bold spright, Now each Man his brindice, and then to the Fight, St. George, St. George we cry, The shouting Turks reply. Oh now it begins, and the Gunroom grows hot, Plie it with Culverin and with small shot; Heark do's it not Thunder, no 'tis the Guns roar, The Neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore, Now each man must resolve to dye, For here the Coward cannot flye. Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell, And Culverins the Passing Bell. Now now they Grapple, and now board a Main, Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again: Give 'em a broadside, the Dice run at all,

Down comes the Mast and Yard, and tacklings fall, She grows giddy now like blind fortunes wheel, She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her Keel, Who ever beheld so noble a sight As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight.

[Amboyna, 1673, ACT 111]

XXXI

Angel, singing. Look up, look up, and see
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up, and this fair fruit behold,
Ruddy it smiles, and rich with streaks of gold.
The loaded branches downward bend,
Willing they stoop, and thy fair hand attend
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haste
And bless, and bless thy senses with the taste.

Woman. No; tis forbidden, I In tasting it shall dye.

Angel. Say who injoyn'd this harsh command.

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n; and who can Heav'n withstand?

Angel. Why was it made so fair, why plac'd in sight? Heav'n is too good to envy man's delight. See, we before thy face will try,

What thou so fear'st and will not dye.

Angels singing. Behold what a change on a sudden is here!

How glorious in beauty how bright they appear! From spirits deform'd they are Deities made Their pinions at pleasure, the clouds can invade,
Till equal in honor they rise
With him who commands in the skies:

Then taste without fear, and be happy and wise.

Woman. Ah, now I believe; such a pleasure I find
As enlightens my eyes, and enlivens my mind.
I only repent
I deferr'd my content.

Angel. Now wiser experience has taught you to prove What a folly it is,
Out of fear to shun bliss.
To the joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It inhances the price, and increases the love.

Chorus of both. To the joy, &c.

[The State of Innocence, 1677, ACT 111]

XXXII

SONG to Apollo.

Phæbus, God belov'd by men;
At thy dawn, every Beast is rouz'd in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy absence complain,
And we dye, all dye till the morning comes again,
Phæbus, God belov'd by men!
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs, and Orphean strings,

Who to this mortal bosom brings,
All harmonious heav'nly things!
Thy drouzie Prophet to revive,
Ten thousand thousand forms before him drive;
With Chariots and Horses all o' fire awake him,
Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophesies shake him:
Let him tell it in groans, tho' he bend with the load,
Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

[Oedipus, 1679, ACT 11]

XXXIII

Ι

Chuse the darkest part o' th' Grove;
Such as Ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Lajus lye.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

2

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?

Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren Heyfer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:

And turn your faces from the Sun: Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

3

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:
Mingle Milk into the stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the steam;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;
And turn your faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[Oedipus, 1679, ACT III]

XXXIV

Ι

- 1. Hear, ye sullen Pow'rs below: Hear, ye taskers of the dead.
- 2. You that boiling Cauldrons blow, You that scum the molten Lead.
- 3. You that pinch with Red-hot Tongs;
- 1. You that drive the trembling hosts
 Of poor, poor Ghosts,
 With your Sharpen'd Prongs;
- 2. You that thrust 'em off the Brim.
- 3. You that plunge 'em when they Swim:

1. Till they drown;

Till they go

On a row

Down, down, down

Ten thousand thousand, thousand fadoms low. Chorus. Till they drown, $\mathcal{C}c$.

2

Musick for a while
 Shall your cares beguile:
 Wondring how your pains were eas'd.

2. And disdaining to be pleas'd;

3. Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.

1. Come away

Do not stay,

But obey

While we play,

For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have holy-day. Chorus. Come away, $\mathcal{C}c$.

3

1. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!

1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!

Tir. Hear and appear:

By the Fates that spun thy thread;

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Furies fierce, and dread!

Cho. Which are three,

Tir. By the Judges of the dead!

Cho. Which are three,
Three times three!

Tir. By Hells blew flame:

By the Stygian Lake:

And by Demogorgon's name,

At which Ghosts quake,

Hear and appear.

[Oedipus, 1679, ACT 111]

XXXV

Song.

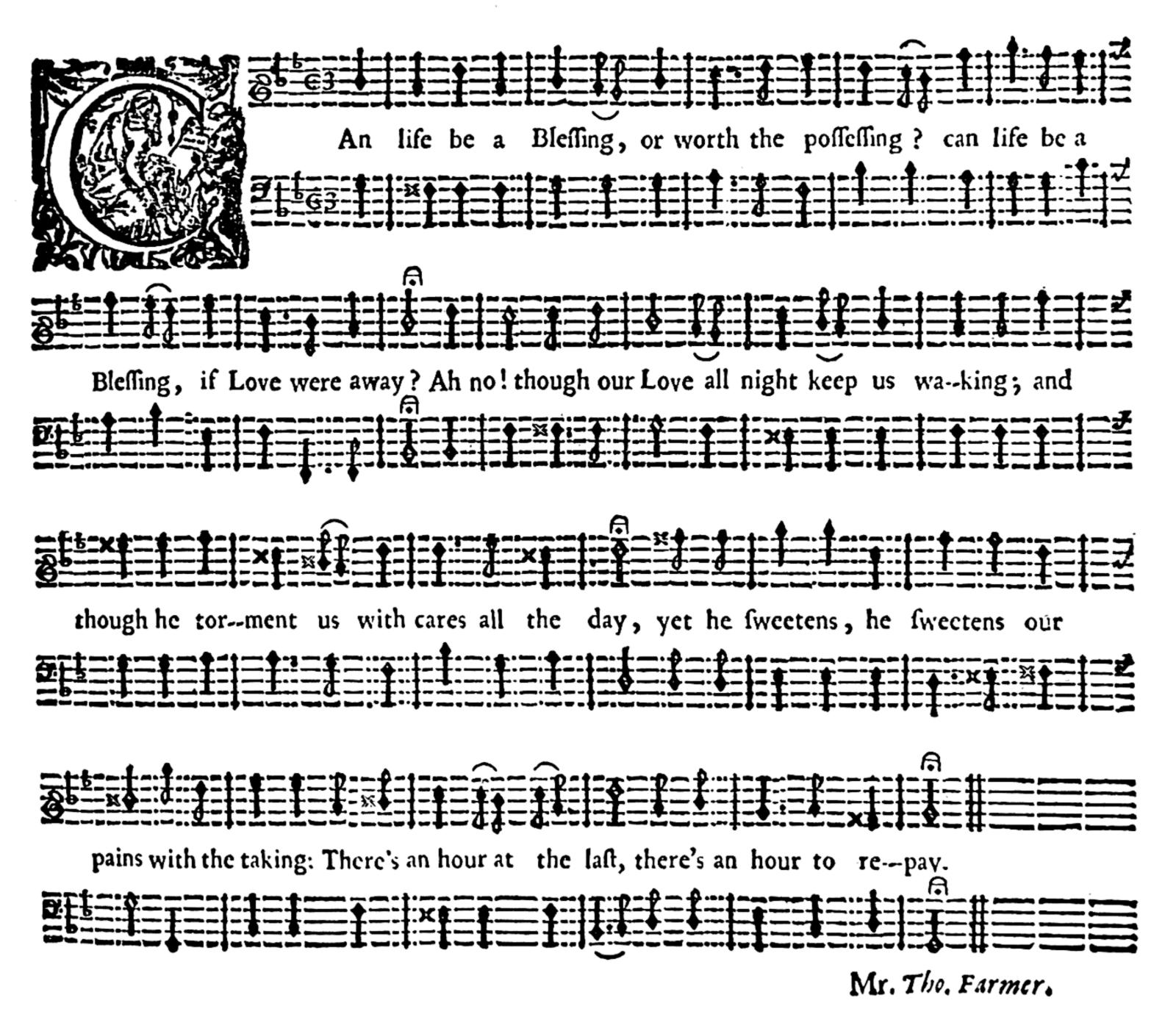
1

Can life be a blessing,
Or worth the possessing,
Can life be a blessing if love were away?
Ah no! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day,
Yet he sweetens he sweetens our pains in the taking,
There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

2

In every possessing,
The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pain,
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate're they have suffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

[Troilus and Cressida, 1679, ACT III]



In every possessing, the ravishing blessing; In every possessing the fruit of our pains: Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish, What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain. 'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish, When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Song XXXV. [Choice Ayres and Songs, 1681, III, 3]

XXXVI

A SONG.

Ι

'Gainst Keepers we petition,
Who wou'd inclose the Common:
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In the free-born subject Woman.
Because for his gold
I my body have sold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for my life;
He rants, domineers,
He swaggers and swears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

2

'Gainst Keepers we petition, &c.

'Tis honest and fair,

That a Feast I prepare;

But when his dull appetite's o're,

I'le treat with the rest

Some welcomer Ghest,

For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

[The Kind Keeper, 1680, ACT 1]

, XXXVII

I my own Jaylour was; my only Foe, Who did my liberty forego; I was a Pris'ner, cause I wou'd be so.

[The Kind Keeper, 1680, ACT 11]

XXXVIII

A SONG from the ITALIAN.

By a dismal Cypress lying, Damon cry'd, all pale and dying, Kind is Death that ends my pain, But cruel She I lov'd in vain. The Mossy Fountains Murmure my trouble, And hollow Mountains My groans redouble: Every Nymph mourns me, Thus while I languish; She only scorns me, Who caus'd my anguish. No Love returning me, but all hope denying; By a dismal Cypress lying, Like a Swan, so sung he dying: Kind is Death that ends my pain, But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

[The Kind Keeper, 1680, ACT III]

XXXIX

I

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down, Behold our weeping Matron's Tears, Behold our tender Virgins Fears, And with success our Armies crown.

2

Look down, ye bless'd above, look down:
Oh! save us, save us, and our State restore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore.

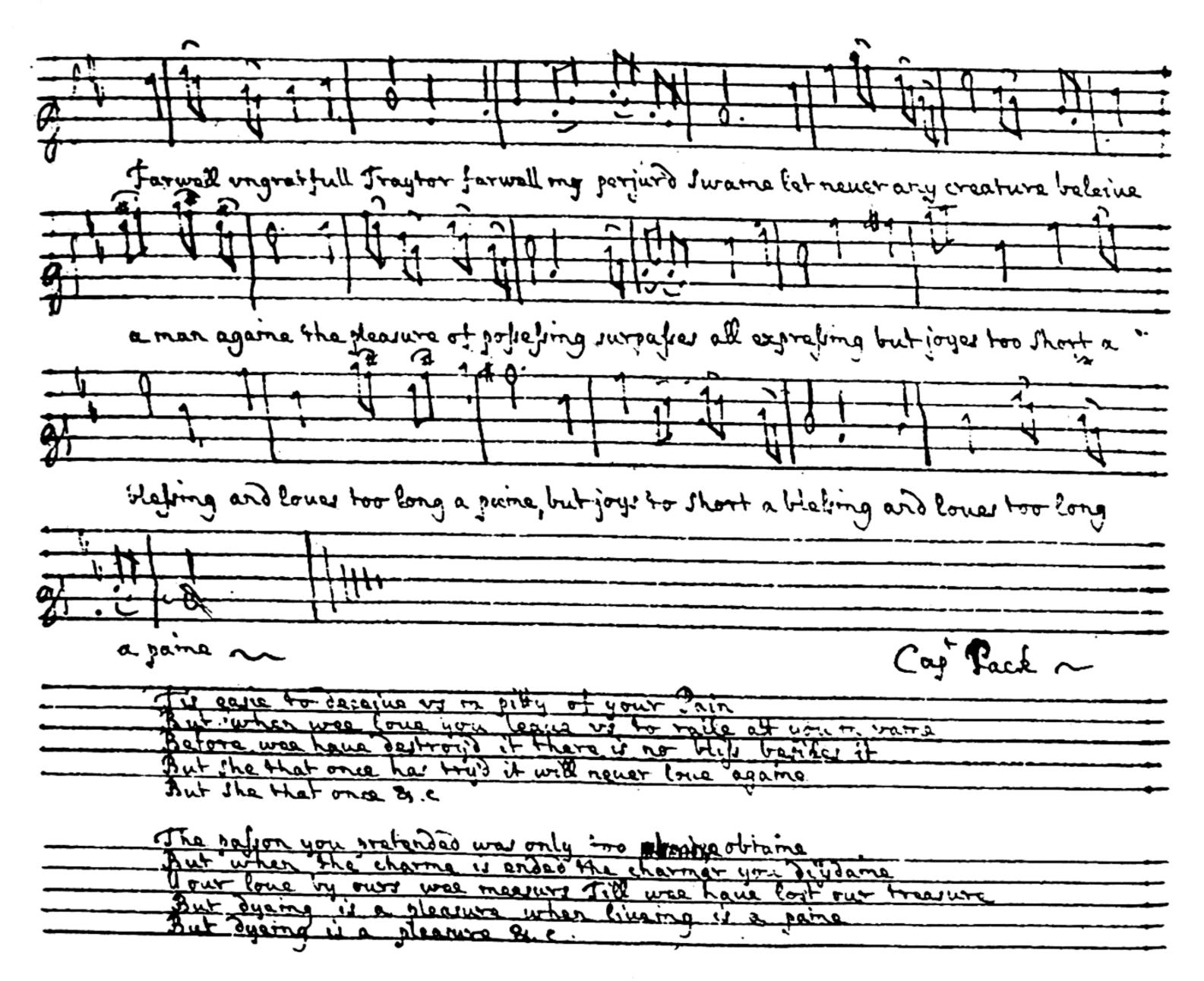
[The Spanish Fryar, 1681, ACT 1]

XL

A SONG.

I

Farewell ungratefull Traytor,
Farewell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of Possessing
Surpasses all Expressing,
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.



Song XL. [British Museum: Addit. MS. 19759, f. 20v]

'Tis easie to deceive us
In pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descry'd it
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she that once has try'd it
Will never love again.

3

The Passion you pretended
Was onely to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure
Till we have lost our Treasure,
But Dying is a Pleasure,
When Living is a Pain.

[The Spanish Fryar, 1681, ACT V]

XLI

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho! If the Guise resolves to go, I charge, I warn thee let him know, Perhaps his head may lye too low.

[The Duke of Guise, 1683, ACT III]

XLII

A Song in the Fifth ACT of the Duke of GUISE.

I

Shepherdess.

Tell me Thirsis, tell your Anguish, why you Sigh, and why you Languish; when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Blessing of Possessing, what can Love and I do more? what can Love, what can Love and I do more?

2

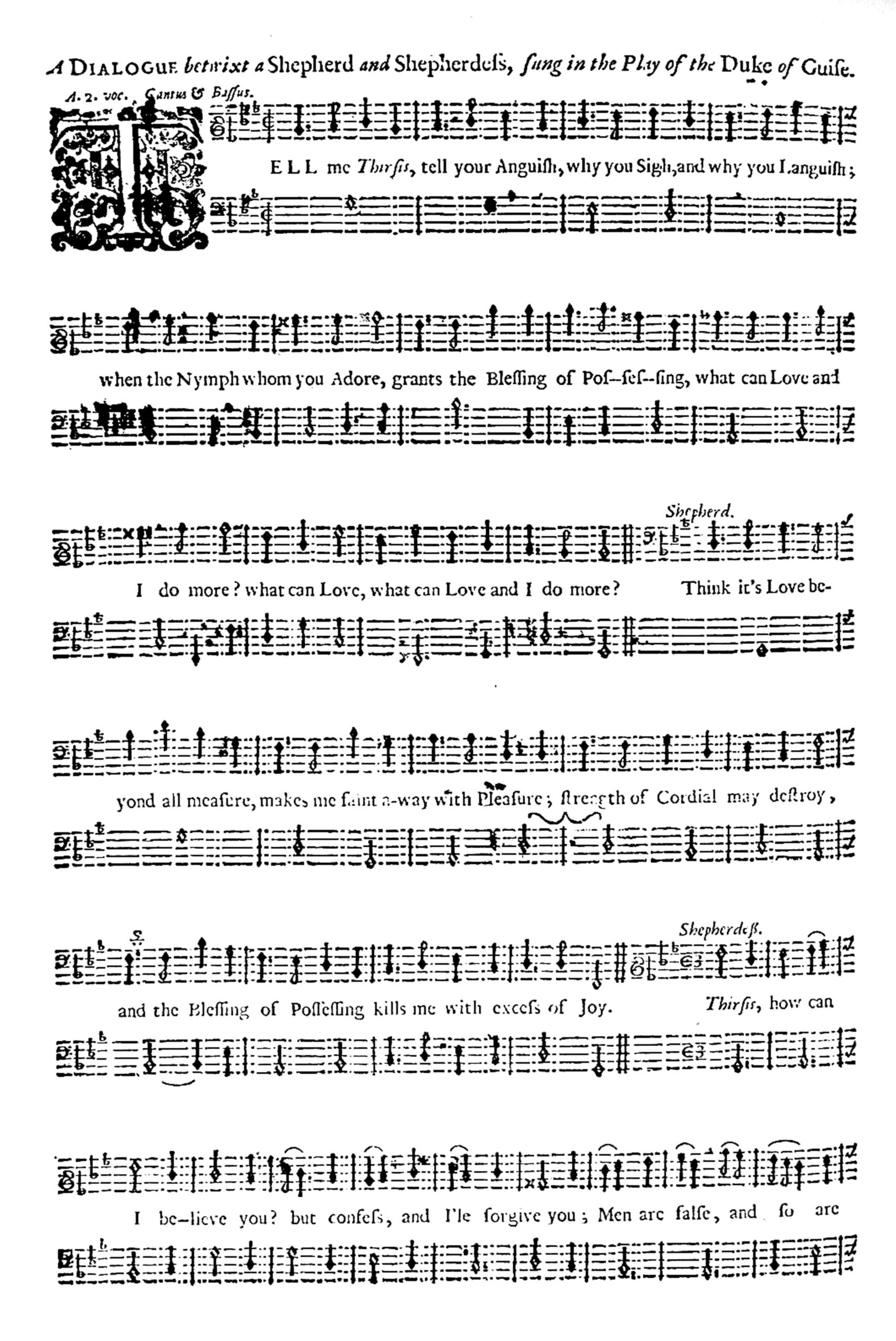
Shepherd.

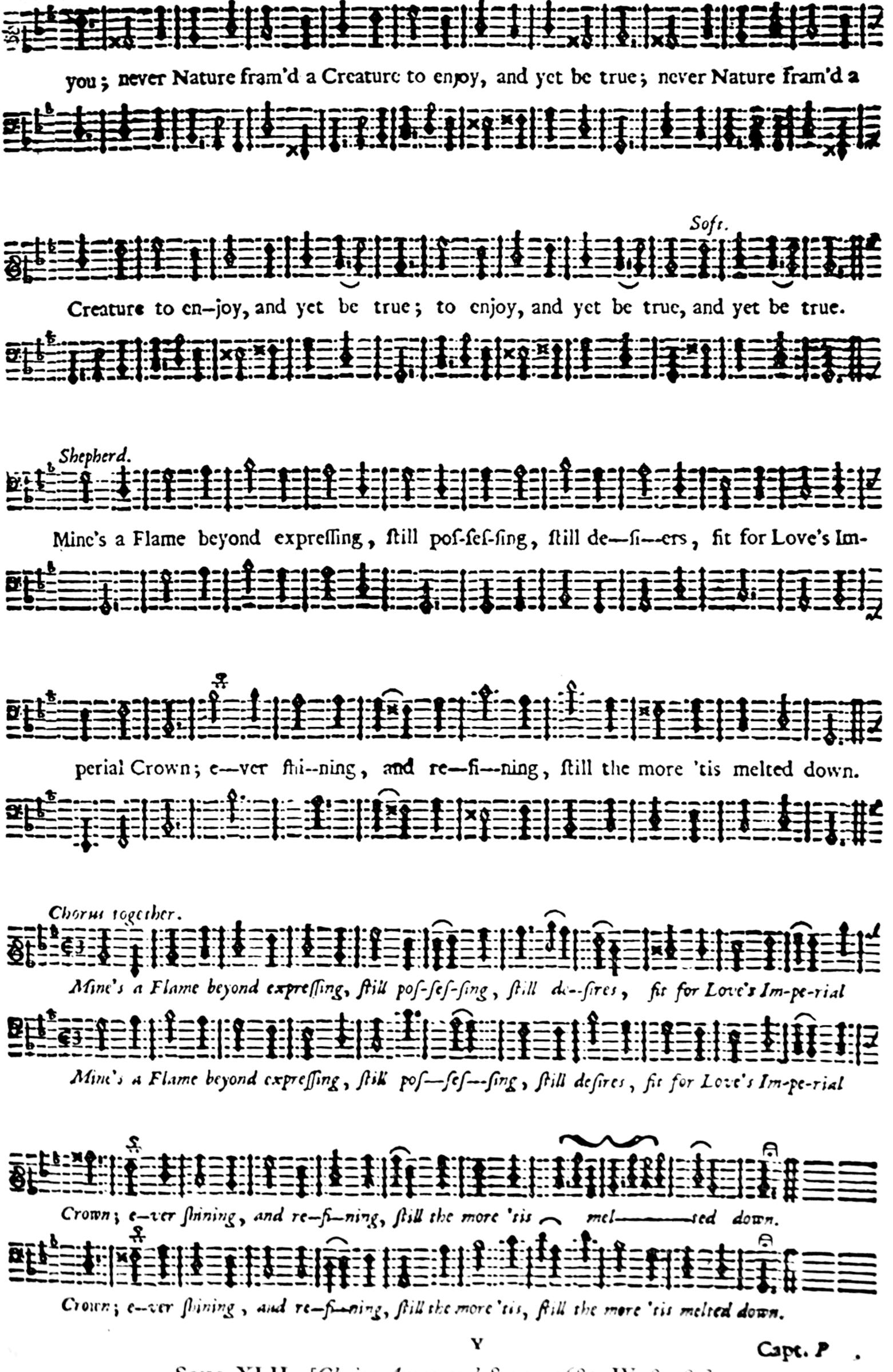
Think it's Love beyond all measure makes me faint away with Pleasure strength of Cordial may destroy, and the Blessing of Possessing kills me with excess of Joy.

S

Shepherdess.

Thirsis, how can I believe you? but confess, and I'le forgive you; Men are false, and so are you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true; and yet be true, and yet be true.





Shepherd.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring, still possessing, still desiring, fit for Love's Imperial Crown; ever shining, and refining, still the more 'tis melted down.

5

Chorus together. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring, still possessing, still desiring, fit for Love's Imperial Crown; ever shining, and refining, still the more 'tis melted down.

[The Duke of Guise, 1683, ACT v]

XLIII

The Tears of Amynta, for the Death of Damon.

By Mr. Dryden.

SONG.

I

On a bank, beside a Willow, Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow, Sad Amynta sigh'd alone: From the chearless Dawn of Morning Till the Dew's of Night returning Singing thus she made her mone:
Hope is banish'd
Joys are vanish'd;
Damon, my belov'd is gone!

2

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
Oh so true, so kind was he!

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kisses
Murmuring Blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

3

Never shall we curse the Morning,
Never bless the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to restore:
Never shall we both ly dying
Nature failing, Love supplying
All the Joyes he drain'd before:
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

[Miscellany Poems, 1684]

XLIV

Cease, Augusta! Cease thy mourning, Happy dayes appeare, Godlike Albion is returning Loyal Hearts to Cheere! Every Grace his youth Adorning, Glorious as the Star of Morning, Or the Planet of the Year.

Chor. Godlike Albion is returning, &c.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT 1]

XLV

Ι

Then Zeal and Common-wealth infest My Land again; The fumes of madness that possest The Peoples giddy Brain, Once more disturb the Nations rest, And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

9

Will they at length awake the sleeping Sword, And force revenge from their offended Lord? How long, yee Gods, how long Can Royal patience bear Th' Insults and wrong Of Mad-mens jealousies, and causeless fear?

I thought their love by mildness might be gain'd,
By Peace I was restor'd, in Peace I Reign'd:
But Tumults, Seditions,
And haughty Petitions,
Are all the effects of a merciful Nature;
Forgiving and granting,
E're Mortals are wanting,
But leads to Rebelling against their Creator.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT II]

XLVI

Ι

All Hail yee Royal pair!
The God's peculiar care:
Fear not the malice of your Foes;
Their Dark designing
And Combining,
Time and truth shall once expose:
Fear not the malice of your Foes.

2

My sacred Oracles assure,
The Tempest shall not long indure;
But when the Nations Crimes are purg'd away,
Then shall you both in glory shine;
Propitious both, and both Divine:
In Lustre equal to the God of Day.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT 11]

XLVII

1

Old Father Ocean calls my Tyde:
Come away, come away;
The Barks upon the Billows ride,
The Master will not stay;
The merry Boson from his side,
His Whistle takes to check and chide
The lingring Lads delay,
And all the Crew alowd has Cry'd,
Come away, come away.

2

See the God of Seas attends Thee, Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train: All the calmer gales befriend Thee In thy passage o're the Main: Every Maid her Locks is binding, Every Triton's Horn is winding, Welcome to the watry Plain.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT 11]

XLVIII

Ι

Yee Nymphs, the Charge is Royal, Which you must convey; Your Hearts and Hands employ all, Hasten to obey; When Earth is grown disloyal, Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

2

Sports and Pleasures shall attend you
Through all the Watry Plains,
Where Neptune Reigns:
Venus ready to defend you,
And her Nymphs to ease your Pains.
No storm shall offend you,
Passing the Main;
Nor Billow threat in vain,
So Sacred a Train,
Till the Gods that defend you,

Restore you again.

3

See at your blest returning
Rage disappears;
The Widow'd Isle in Mourning
Dries up her Tears,
With Flowers the Meads adorning,
Pleasure appears,
And love dispels the Nations causeless fears.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT 11]

XLIX

1

From the low Palace of old Father Ocean, come we in pity your cares to deplore: Sea-raceing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion, Moony Tides swelling to rowl us a-shore.

2

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Tresses rending, Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main; Neptune in anguish his Charge unattending, Vessels are foundring, and Vows are in vain.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT III]

L

I

Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men, Prince of Peace too mildly Reigning, Cease thy sorrow and complaining; Thou shalt be restor'd agen: Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men.

2

Still thou art the care of Heav'n, In thy Youth to Exile driv'n: Heav'n thy ruin then prevented, Till the guilty Land repented: In thy Age, when none could aid Thee, Foes conspir'd, and Friends betray'd Thee; To the brink of danger driv'n, Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT III]

LI

1

Albion, Hail; The Gods present Thee, All the richest of their Treasures, Peace and Pleasures, To content Thee, Dancing their eternal measures.

2

But above all humane blessing;
Take a Warlike Loyal Brother,
Never Prince had such another:
Conduct, Courage, truth expressing,
All Heroick worth possessing.

Chor. of all. But above all, &c.

[Albion and Albanius, 1685, ACT III]

LII

A New SONG.

Ι

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breast;
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close;

By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

2

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a loss
What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close!
By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing & kissing so close;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

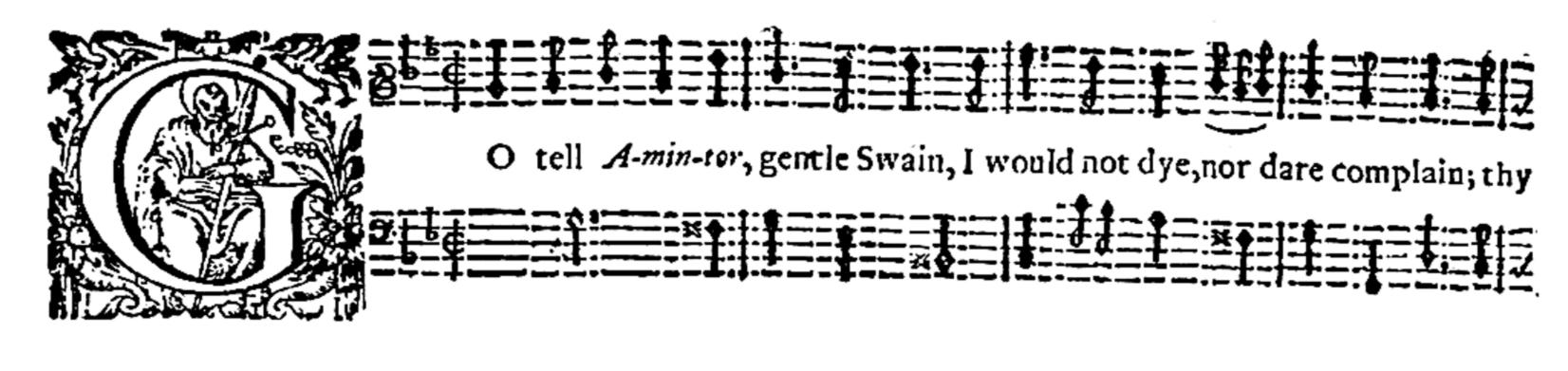
[Sylvae, 1685]

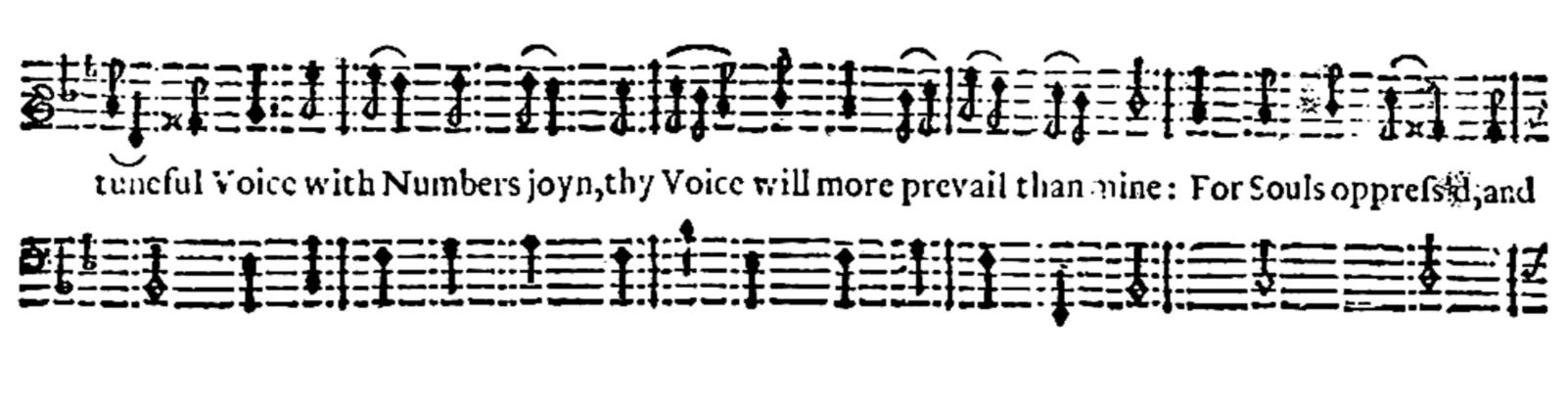
LIII

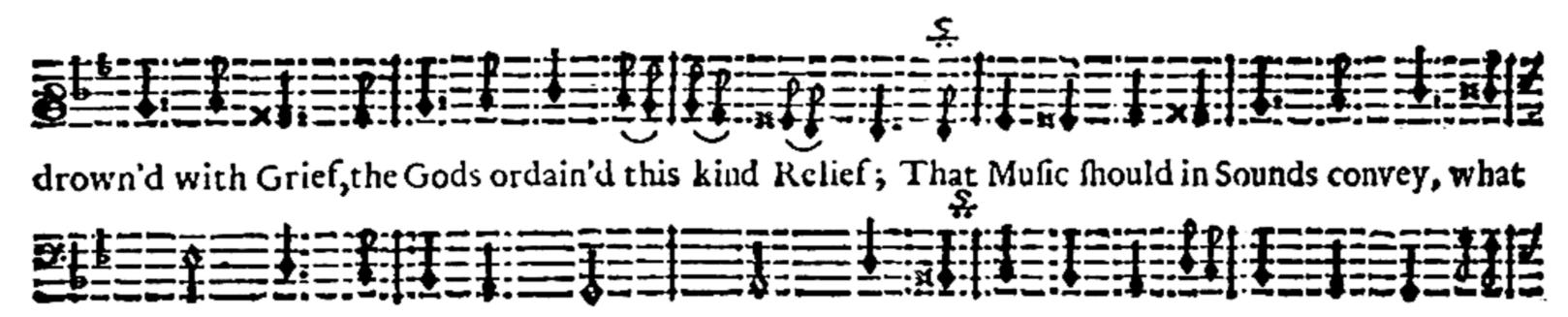
SONG.

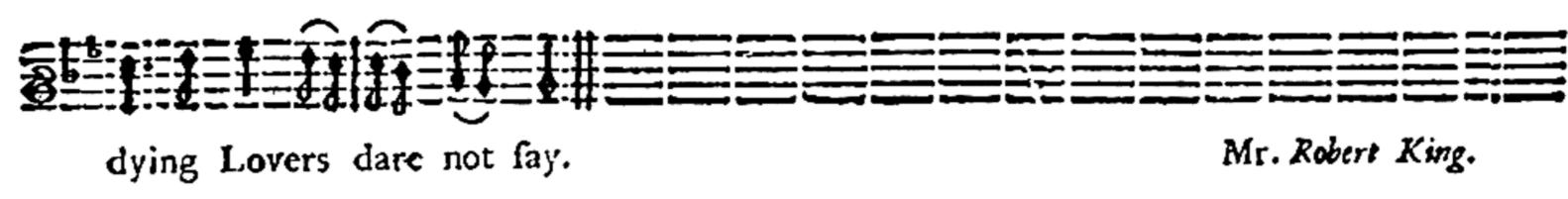
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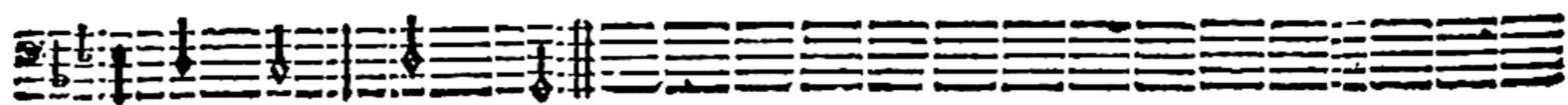
Go tell Amynta gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die nor dare complain,
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind releif;
That Musick shou'd in sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not say.











II.

A Sigh, or Tear, perhaps she'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her, That Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid:
Tell her, My Pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress;
For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

Song LIII. [The Theater of Music, 1685, I, 30]

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,
But love on pitty cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

[Sylvae, 1685]

LIV

A Song for St CECILIA's Day, 1687.

WRITTEN

By John Dryden, Esq; and Compos'd by Mr. John Baptist Draghi.

Ι

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,
And Musick's pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

2

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the corded Shell,

His list'ning Brethren stood around

And wond'ring, on their Faces fell

To worship that Celestial Sound.

Less than a God they thought there cou'd not dwell

Within the hollow of that Shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

3

The Trumpets loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double beat
Of the thundring Drum
Cryes, heark the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining Flute
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

5

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6

But oh! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach
The sacred Organs praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the Choires above.

7

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race;
And Trees unrooted left their place;
Sequacious of the Lyre:
But bright CECILIA rais'd the wonder high'r;
When to her Organ, vocal Breath was giv'n
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand CHORUS

As from the pow'r of sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,
The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Musick shall untune the Sky.

[Broadside edition, 1687]

LV

1

What shall I do to show how much I love her?

How many Millions of Sigh's can suffice?

That which wins other Hearts, never can move her,

Those common methods of Love she'll despise.

2

I will love more than Man e're lov'd before me, Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night; Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me, To love her less to preserve our delight.

3

Since Gods themselves could not ever be loving, Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys; I wish my Love could be always improving, Tho eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

4

In Fair Aurelia's Arms leave me expiring,
To be Embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the last Moment I'll still be desiring:
Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

[The Prophetess, 1690, ACT III]

LVI

SONG.

I

Celia, that I once was blest
Is now the Torment of my Brest;
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possest:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to love, and then to leave me!

2

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant, Then I had never known the want: But possessing once the Blessing, Is the Cause of my Complaint: Once possessing is but tasting; 'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Celia now is mine no more;
But I am hers; and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No unkindness can dissever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

[Amphitryon, 1690, ACT 111]

LVII

Mercury's SONG to Phædra.

1

Fair Iris I love, and hourly I dye, But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye: She's fickle and false, and there we agree; For I am as false, and as fickle as she: We neither believe what either can say; And, neither believing, we neither betray.

2

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course; We mean not the taking for better for worse. When present, we love; when absent, agree: I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me: The Legend of Love no Couple can find So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

[Amphitryon, 1690, ACT IV]

LVIII

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Thyrsis and Iris.

Ι

Thyrsis. Fair Iris and her Swain

Were in a shady Bow'r;

Where Thyrsis long in vain

Had sought the Shepherd's hour:

At length his Hand advancing upon her snowy Breast;

He said, O kiss me longer, And longer yet and longer, If you will make me Blest.

2

Iris. An easie yielding Maid,
By trusting is undone;

Our Sex is oft betray'd,

By granting Love too soon.

If you desire to gain me, your Suff'rings to redress;

Prepare to love me longer, And longer yet, and longer, Before you shall possess.

3

Thyrsis. The little Care you show,

Of all my Sorrows past;

Makes Death appear too slow,

And Life too long to last.

Fair *Iris* kiss me kindly, in pity of my Fate;

And kindly still, and kindly,

Before it be too late.

4

Iris. You fondly Court your Bliss,
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may Kiss me kindly, and I will not rebell;
And kindly still, and kindly,

But Kiss me not and tell.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. Thus at the height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more:
But what to day will take away,
To morrow will restore.
Thus at the heighth we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

[Amphitryon, 1690, ACT IV]

LIX

Woden, first to thee,

A Milk white Steed, in Battle won,

We have Sacrific'd.

Chor. We have Sacrific'd.

Vers. Let our next Oblation be,

To Thor, thy thundring Son,

Of such another.

Chor. We have Sacrific'd.

Vers. A third; (of Friezeland breed was he,)

To Woden's Wife, and to Thor's Mother:

And now we have atton'd all three

We have Sacrific'd.

Chor. We have Sacrific'd.

2 Voc. The White Horse Neigh'd aloud.

To Woden thanks we render.

To Woden, we have vow'd.

Chor. To Woden, our Defender.

Vers. The Lot is Cast, and Tanfan pleas'd:

Chor. Of Mortal Cares you shall be eas'd,

Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Honour prizing,

Death despising,

Fame acquiring

By Expiring,

Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.

Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Vers. I call ye all,

To Woden's Hall;
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold;
Where you shall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT 1]

LX

I

Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double Beat of the Thundring
Drum.

2

Now they charge on amain,

Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the Mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

3

The Fainting Saxons quit their Ground, Their Trumpets Languish in the Sound; They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly; Victoria, Victoria, the Bold Britons cry.

Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT 1]

LXI

Phil. Hither this way, this way bend,
sings. Trust not that Malicious Fiend:
Those are false deluding Lights,
Wafted far and near by Sprights.
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Phil. If you step, no Danger thinking, sings. Down you fall, a Furlong sinking:

'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;

Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend. Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidels Spirits. Trust not that Malicious Fiend.

Grimbalds Spirits. Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.

Philidels Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

Philidel sings. Hither this way.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. This way, this way bend.

Philidels Spirits. Trust not that Malicious Fiend.

Grimb. Spirits. Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.

Philidels Spirits. Hither this way, &c.

Phil. singing. Come follow, follow, follow me.

Chor. Come follow, $\mathcal{C}c$.

And me. And me. And me. And me.

Vers. 2 Voc. And Green-Sward all your way shall be.

Chor. Come follow, &c.

Vers. No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.

Chor. No, no, no, $\mathcal{C}c$.

No Goblin or Elf shall dare to offend ye.

Vers. 3 Voc. We Brethren of Air,

You Hero's will bear,

To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. We Brethren, &c.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT II]

LXII

Ι

Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye, From your Prey, and from your Glory. Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye: Follow the Flames, that wave before ye: Sometimes sev'n, and sometimes one; Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See, see, the Footsteps plain appearing, That way Oswald chose for flying: Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing, Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying. Far he cannot hence be gone; Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT 11]

LXIII

Ι

How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses, While Drums & Trumpets are sounding Alarms! Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm passes; And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms. All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing; All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying. Chor. All the Day, &c.

2

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended, Let not your Days without Pleasure expire; Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended, All Men will praise you, but none will desire. Let not Youth fly away without Contenting; Age will come time enough, for your Repenting. Chor. Let not Youth, &c.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT 11]

LXIV

1

Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying, Pipes are sweet, a Summers Day; But a little after Toying, Women have the Shot to Pay.

2

Here are Marriage-Vows for signing, Set their Marks that cannot write: After that, without Repining, Play and Welcom, Day and Night.

3

Chor. of all.

Come, Shepherds, lead up, a lively Measure; The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleasure: But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow, Make sure of this Day, and hang to Morrow.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT II]

LXV

We must work, we must haste; Noon-Tyde Hour, is almost past: Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun, Into Shades already run. Osmond will be here, anon.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXVI

Thus, thus I infuse
These Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her sight,
And you, ye Chrystal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day.
Now cast your Eyes abroad, and see
All but me.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXVII

1

Man sings.

Oh Sight, the Mother of Desires,
What Charming Objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the Rosie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the
Field!
But, when Clorinda comes in sight,
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor.

When Fair *Clorinda* comes in sight, \mathcal{C}_c .

Wom. sings.

'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view; And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:

But such cheap Delights to see, Heaven and Nature, Give each Creature; They have Eyes, as well as we. This is the Joy, all Joys above, To see, to see, That only she, That only she we love!

Chor.

This is the Joy, all Joys above, &c.

3

Man sings.

And, if we may discover, What Charms both Nymph and Lover, 'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies, With Kind and Amorous Anguish, To Sigh, to Look, to Languish, On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men&Wom.

And if we may discover, $\mathcal{C}c$.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXVIII

Cup. sings. What ho, thou Genius of the Clime, what ho! Ly'st thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow? Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake, And Winter from thy Furry Mantle shake.

Genius.

What Power art thou, who from below,
Hast made me Rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

3

Cupid.

Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing,
The Stormy Winds their Fury spare:
Winter subduing, and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Year.
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?

4

Genius.

Great Love, I know thee now;
Eldest of the Gods art Thou:
Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is Thy Creature,
Every where Thou art obey'd.

Cupid. No part of my Dominion shall be waste,

To spread my Sway, and sing my Praise,

Ev'n here I will a People raise,

Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrac'd.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXIX

1

Man. See, see, we assemble,
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

2

Cupid. 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;
In spight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

3

Chor. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us;
In spight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXX

Ι

Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender;
Set your selves, and your Lovers at ease;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize:
But the Whining Pretender
Is sure to displease.

2

Since the Fruit of Desire is possessing,
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain:
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT III]

LXXI

I

I Syren.

O pass not on, but stay,
And waste the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide;

For other Wars attend thee, And sweeter to be try'd.

Chor.

For other Wars, &c.

2

Both sing. Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd
for thee;

Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are so;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and share,
What Pleasures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle, round, around,
And Circle round, around.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT IV]

LXXII

Song.

I

How happy the Lover,
How easie his Chain,
How pleasing his Pain?
How sweet to discover!
He sighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature

Is form'd by his Nature; No Joys are above The Pleasures of Love.

2

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you despise;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short Blessing,
That Flies in Possessing:
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT IV]

LXXIII

Ye Blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,
Whose Breath has ruffl'd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia Rise,
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man,
While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,

In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There swell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT v]

LXXIV

Round thy Coasts, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus all his Herd admitting,
On thy Greens to Graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fishes Tasting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Fasting.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT v]

LXXV

Song of three Parts.

I

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain all the World outvyes;
And Pan, as in Arcadia Reigns,
Where Pleasure mixt with Profit lyes.

Though Jasons Office was Fam'd of old,
The British Wool is growing Gold;
No Mines can more of Wealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian Dye.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT v]

LXXVI

T

Com. Your Hay it is Mow'd, & your Corn is Reap'd; Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd: Come, my Boys, come;

Come, my Boys, come;

And merrily Roar out Harvest Home;

Harvest Home,

Harvest Home;

And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

Chorus. Come, my Boys, come, \mathfrak{C}_c .

2

I Man. We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen; For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

Chorus. One in Ten,
One in Ten;

For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

Chorus.

3

2. For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot, Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot; Burn to Pot, Burn to Pot;

Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot. Burn to pot, \mathcal{C}_{c} .

4

3. We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;

And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England. Old England, &c.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT V]

LXXVII

I

Fairest Isle, all Isles Excelling,
Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves;
Venus here, will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Groves.

2

Cupid, from his Fav'rite Nation, Care and Envy will Remove; Jealousie, that poysons Passion, And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining, Sighs that blow the Fire of Love; Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining, Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4

Every Swain shall pay his Duty, Grateful every Nymph shall prove; And as these Excel in Beauty, Those shall be Renown'd for Love.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT v]

LXXVIII

T

St. George, the Patron of our Isle, A Soldier, and a Saint, On that Auspicious Order smile, Which Love and Arms will plant.

2

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martiall Prize;
But Foreign Kings, Adopted here,
Their Crowns at Home despise.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State, His Honours shall bestow; And see his Sceptr'd Subjects wait On his Commands below.

[King Arthur, 1691, ACT V]

LXXIX

SONG.

Ι

No no, poor suff'ring Heart no Change endeavour, Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her; My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her, I can dye with her, but not live without her. One tender Sigh of hers to see me Languish, Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish: Beware O cruel Fair, how you smile on me, 'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

2

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliss, or Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

[Cleomenes, 1692, ACT II]

LXXX

SONG TO A

Fair, Young LADY,

Going out of the TOWN

In the

SPRING.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Ι

Ask not the Cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling Birds forget to sing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?
Chloris is gone; and Fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

2

Chloris is gone, the Cruel Fair;
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair;
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure!

3

Great God of Love, why hast thou made A Face that can all Hearts command, That all Religions can invade,

And change the Laws of ev'ry Land? Where thou hadst plac'd such Pow'r before, Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.

4

When Chloris to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine recall.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the Victim for Mankind.

[Examen Poeticum, 1693]

LXXXI

Veni Creator Spiritus,
Translated in
PARAPHRASE.
BY
Mr. DRYDEN.

Ι

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind;
Come pour thy Joys on Human Kind:
From Sin, and Sorrow set us free;
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

A New SONG Sett by Dr. Blow. A SK not the cause, why sul-len Spring, so long de-lays her Flowers to bear, why warbling Birds, why -ling Birds forget to Sing, and Winter Storms in-vest the year Choris is gone, Cloris is gone, and Fate, and Fate provides to make it Spring, where she re--sides to make it Spring, where she re--sides: Clc-ris is gone, the cru-el Fair, she cast not back a pi-ty-ing Eye; but lest her Lover, but lest her Loin despair, to Sigh, to Languish and to die, how can those fair Eyes endure to ah! give, to give the wounds, they will not cure, to give the wounds they will not cure.

Song LXXX. [Mercurius Musicus, March, 1699, pp. 45-47]

O, Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclite!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire;
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
To Sanctifie us, while we sing!

3

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth command:
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence,
And crown'st thy Gift, with Eloquence!

4

Refine and purge our Earthy Parts; But, oh, inflame and fire our Hearts! Our Frailties help, our Vice controul; Submit the Senses to the Soul; And when Rebellious they are grown, Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

5

Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe; And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow: And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray, Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive, And practise, all that we believe: Give us thy self, that we may see The Father and the Son, by thee.

7

Immortal Honour, endless Fame Attend th' Almighty Father's Name: The Saviour Son, be glorify'd, Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd: And equal Adoration be Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

[Examen Poeticum, 1693]

LXXXII

RONDELAY.
BY
Mr. DRYDEN.

Ι

Chloe found Amyntas lying
All in Tears, upon the Plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!



Song LXXXII. [Deliciae Musicae, 1695, II, 2]

Sighing to himself, and crying
Wretched I, to love in vain:
Ever scorning and denying
To reward your faithful Swain:
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

3

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful Swain;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain!

4

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,

When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up, before his dying;

Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

[Examen Poeticum, 1693]

LXXXIII

Song of Jealousie.

T

What State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?
Two Souls in one, the same desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require!
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2

All other ills, tho sharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousie:
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.



Song LXXXIII. [Thesaurus Musicus, 1694, II, 31]

False, in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far:
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

[Love Triumphant, 1694, ACT III]

LXXXIV

Song for a GIRL.

1

Young I am, and yet unskill'd How to make a Lover yield: How to keep, or how to gain, When to Love; and when to feign:

2

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am Young and True;
E're I can my Soul disguise;
Heave my Breasts, and roul my Eyes.

A Song set by Mr. John Eccles. In Love Tryumphant by Mr. Dryden. and yet un - skill'd, how to make am to keep, or Lo — ver yeild; how how gain, . when to love, and when to feign: Take me, take me fome of you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can disguise, heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts and Soul

Song LXXXIV. [The Gentleman's Journal, January and February, 1694, p. 35]

rowl my

Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way, How to Lye, and to Betray: He that has me first, is blest, For I may deceive the rest.

4

Cou'd I find a blooming Youth; Full of Love, and full of Truth, Brisk, and of a janty meen, I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

[Love Triumphant, 1694, ACT v]

LXXXV

AN

ODE,

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. Henry Purcell.

The ODE.

Ι

Mark how the Lark and Linnet Sing,
With rival Notes
They strain their warbling Throats,
To welcome in the Spring.

But in the close of Night,
When Philomel begins her Heav'nly lay,
They cease their mutual spight,
Drink in her Musick with delight,
And list'ning and silent, and silent and list'ning,
and list'ning and silent obey.

2

So ceas'd the rival Crew when *Purcell* came, They Sung no more, or only Sung his Fame. Struck dumb they all admir'd the God-like Man,

The God-like Man, Alas, too soon retir'd, As He too late began.

We beg not Hell, our Orpheus to restore, Had He been there, Their Sovereigns fear Had sent Him back before.

The pow'r of Harmony too well they know, He long e'er this had Tun'd their jarring Sphere, And left no Hell below.

3

The Heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes from high, Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky:

They handed him along,

And all the way He taught, and all the way they Sung. Ye Brethren of the *Lyre*, and tunefull Voice, Lament his lott: but at your own rejoyce.

Now live secure and linger out your days, The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's Layes*, Nor know to mend their Choice.

[Folio edition, 1696]

LXXXVI

Alexander's Feast;

OR THE

POWER of MUSIQUE.

AN

ODE,

In Honour of St. CECILIA's Day.

I

'Twas at the Royal Feast, for Persia won,

By Philip's Warlike Son:

Aloft in awful State

The God-like Heroe sate

On his Imperial Throne:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around;

Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.

(So shou'd Desert in Arms be Crown'd:)

The Lovely Thais by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride

In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!

None but the Brave

None but the Brave

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

2

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,

When He to fair Olympia press'd:

And while He sought her snowy Breast: Then, round her slender Waste he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World.

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,

A present Deity, they shout around:

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to Nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

3

The Praise of Bacchus then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,
Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes.
Bacchus ever Fair and Young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain:
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure;
Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure after Pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battails o'er again;
And thrice He routed all his Foes; and thrice He slew the slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise;
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his Pride.
He chose a Mournful Muse
Soft Pity to infuse:
He sung *Darius* Great and Good,

He sung Darius Great and Good, By too severe a Fate, Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, Fallen from his high Estate And weltring in his Blood:

Deserted at his utmost Need,
By those his former Bounty fed:
On the bare Earth expos'd He lyes,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.
With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate,
Revolveing in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolveing in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below;

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole;

And Tears began to flow.

The Mighty Master smil'd to see That Love was in the next Degree: 'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move; For Pity melts the Mind to Love. Softly sweet, in Lydian Measures, Soon He sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures. War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble; Honour but an empty Bubble. Never ending, still beginning, Fighting still, and still destroying, If the World be worth thy Winning, Think, O think, it worth Enjoying. Lovely Thais sits beside thee, Take the Good the Gods provide thee. The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause; So Love was Crown'd, but Musique won the Cause. The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain, Gaz'd on the Fair Who caus'd his Care, And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain, Gaz'd on the Fair Who caus'd his Care,

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd, The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

6

Now strike the Golden Lyre again: A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain. Break his Bands of Sleep asunder, And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

> Hark, hark, the horrid Sound Has rais'd up his Head, As awak'd from the Dead, And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!

Behold a ghastly Band,

Each a Torch in his Hand!

Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battail were slayn,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due To the Valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,

How they point to the *Persian* Abodes, And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;

And the King seyz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;

Thais led the Way,

To light him to his Prey,

And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the King seyz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

7

Thus, long ago
'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And sounding Lyre,

Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.

At last Divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the Vocal Frame;

The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,

And added Length to solemn Sounds,

With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,

Or both divide the Crown;

He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;

She drew an Angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

At last, Divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

[Folio edition, 1697]

LXXXVII

SONG of a Scholar and his Mistress, who being Cross'd by their Friends, fell Mad for one another; and now first meet in Bedlam.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Phillis. Look, look, I see — I see my Love appear:

'Tis he — 'Tis he alone;

For, like him, there is none:

'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

Amyntas. Hark! the Winds War:

Amyntas. Hark! the Winds War; The foamy Waves roar; I see a Ship afar, Tossing and Tossing, and making to the Shoar: But what's that I View,

So Radiant of Hue,

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the Sails? Ah! No, no, no.

St. Hermo, Never, never shone so bright;

'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis*, can shoot so fair a Light:

'Tis Phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the Ship alone,

For all the Winds are hush'd, and the Storm is over-blown.

Phillis. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

Amyntas. If all the Fates combine,

And all the Furies join,

I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break through the Charms.

Phillis. Shall I Marry the Man I love?

And shall I conclude my Pains?

Now blest be the Powers above,

I feel the Blood bound in my Veins;

With a lively Leap it began to move, And the Vapours leave my Brains.

Amyntas. Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,

To make sure of the Cure;

Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're his part.

Phillis. But suppose he should stay —

Amyntas. At worst if he delay;

'Tis a Work must be done;

We'll borrow but a Day,

And the better the sooner begun.

Chorus of Both.

At worst if he delay, &c.

[The Pilgrim, 1700]

LXXXVIII

THE

Secular Masque. Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Enter Janus.

Janus.

Chronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace,
An hundred times the rowling Sun
Around the Radiant Belt has run
In his revolving Race.
Behold, behold, the Goal in sight,
Spread thy Fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter Chronos, with a Scythe in his hand,
and a great Globe on his Back, which he
sets down at his entrance.

Chronos.

Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my Freight,
And leave the World behind.
I could not bear

Another Year

The Load of Human-kind.

Enter Momus Laughing.

Momus.

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done, To lay down thy Pack,

And lighten thy Back,

The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,

And since neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,

Can hinder the Crimes,

Or mend the Bad Times,

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Cho. of all 3. 'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,

Old Time begin the Show,

That he may see, in every Scene,

What Changes in this Age have been,

Chronos. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow begin.

Horns, or Hunting-Musique within.

Enter Diana.

Diana.

With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day.

And hye to my Woodland walks away;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tye to my Forehead a wexing Moon.
I course the fleet Stagg, unkennel the Fox,
And chase the wild Goats or'e summets of

Rocks,

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;

And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho. of all. With shouting and hooting, we pierce through the Skie,

And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Janus. Then our Age was in it's Prime,

Chronos. Free from Rage.

Diana. — — And free from Crime.

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,

Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. Then our Age was in it's Prime,

Free from Rage, and free from Crime,

A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,

Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Dance of Diana's Attendants.

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the Vocal Brass, Inspire;

The World is past its Infant Age:

Arms and Honour,

Arms and Honour,

Set the Martial Mind on Fire,

And kindle Manly Rage.

Mars has lookt the Sky to Red;

And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly;

The Sprightly Green

In Woodland-Walks, no more is seen;

The Sprightly Green, has drunk the Tyrian

Dye.

Cho. of all. Plenty, Peace, &c.

SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN

Mars. Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum,

Through all the World around; Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound,

The Warrior God is come.

Cho. of all. Sound the Trumpet, &c.

Momus. Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,

And let Mankind agree;

Better the World were fast asleep,

Than kept awake by Thee.

The Fools are only thinner,

With all our Cost and Care;

But neither side a winner,

For Things are as they were.

Cho. of all. The Fools are only, &c.

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when Storms are past;

Love will have his Hour at last:

Nature is my kindly Care;

Mars destroys, and I repair;

Take me, take me, while you may,

Venus comes not ev'ry Day.

Cho. of all. Take her, take her, &c.

Chronos. The World was then so light,

I scarcely felt the Weight;

Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.

But since the Queen of Pleasure left the

Ground,

I faint, I lag,

And feebly drag

The pond'rous Orb around.

Momus.

All, all, of a piece throughout;

Pointing

to Diana. Thy Chase had a Beast in View;

to Mars.

Thy Wars brought nothing about;

to Venus.

Thy Lovers were all untrue.

Janus.

'Tis well an Old Age is out,

Chro.

And time to begin a New.

Cho. of all.

All, all, of a piece throughout;

Thy Chase had a Beast in View;

Thy Wars brought nothing about;

Thy Lovers were all untrue.

'Tis well an Old Age is out,

And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs, Warriours and Lovers.

[The Pilgrim, 1700]

LXXXIX

The Fair Stranger. By Mr. Dryden.

I

Happy and free, securely blest, No Beauty cou'd disturb my Rest; My Amorous Heart was in Despair To find a new Victorious Fair.

2

'Till you descending on our Plains, With Forrain Force renew my Chains. Where now you rule without Controul, The mighty Soveraign of my Soul.

3

Your Smiles have more of Conquering Charms, Than all your Native Countries Arms; Their Troops we can expel with Ease Who vanquish only when we please.

4

But in your Eyes, oh! there's the spell Who can see them, and not Rebell? You make us Captives by your stay, Yet kill us if you go away.

[A New Miscellany of Original Poems, 1701]

XC

THE $LAD\Upsilon$'s SONG. By Mr. $DR\Upsilon DEN$.

1

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,
To chuse a May-Lady to govern the Year:
All the Nymphs were in White, and the Shepherds in
Green,





Song LXXXIX. [British Museum: Harl. MS. 1264, ff. 78v-80]

The Garland was giv'n, and *Phillis* was Queen: But *Phillis* refus'd it, and sighing did say, I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

2

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our Shore, The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more: The soft God of Pleasure that warm'd our Desires, Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his Fires; And vows that himself, and his Mother, will mourn, 'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in Triumph return.

3

Forbear your Addresses, and Court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms;
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

[Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704]

XCI

A SONG.Written by Mr. DRYDEN:

Ι

Fair, sweet and young, receive a Prize Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes: From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see, O pity, and distinguish me; As I from thousand Beauties more Distinguish you, and only you adore.

2

Your Face for Conquest was design'd, Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind; Angels, when you your Silence break, Forget their Hymns to hear you speak; But when at once they hear and view, Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

3

No Graces can your Form improve, But all are lost unless you love; While that sweet Passion you disdain, Your Veil and Beauty are in vain. In pity then prevent my Fate, For after dying all Reprives too late.

[Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704]

XCII

SONG.

By the same Hand.

I

High State and Honours to others impart,
But give me your Heart:
That Treasure, that Treasure alone
I beg for my own.
So gentle a Love, so fervent a Fire
My Soul does inspire.
That Treasure, that Treasure alone
I beg for my own.

2

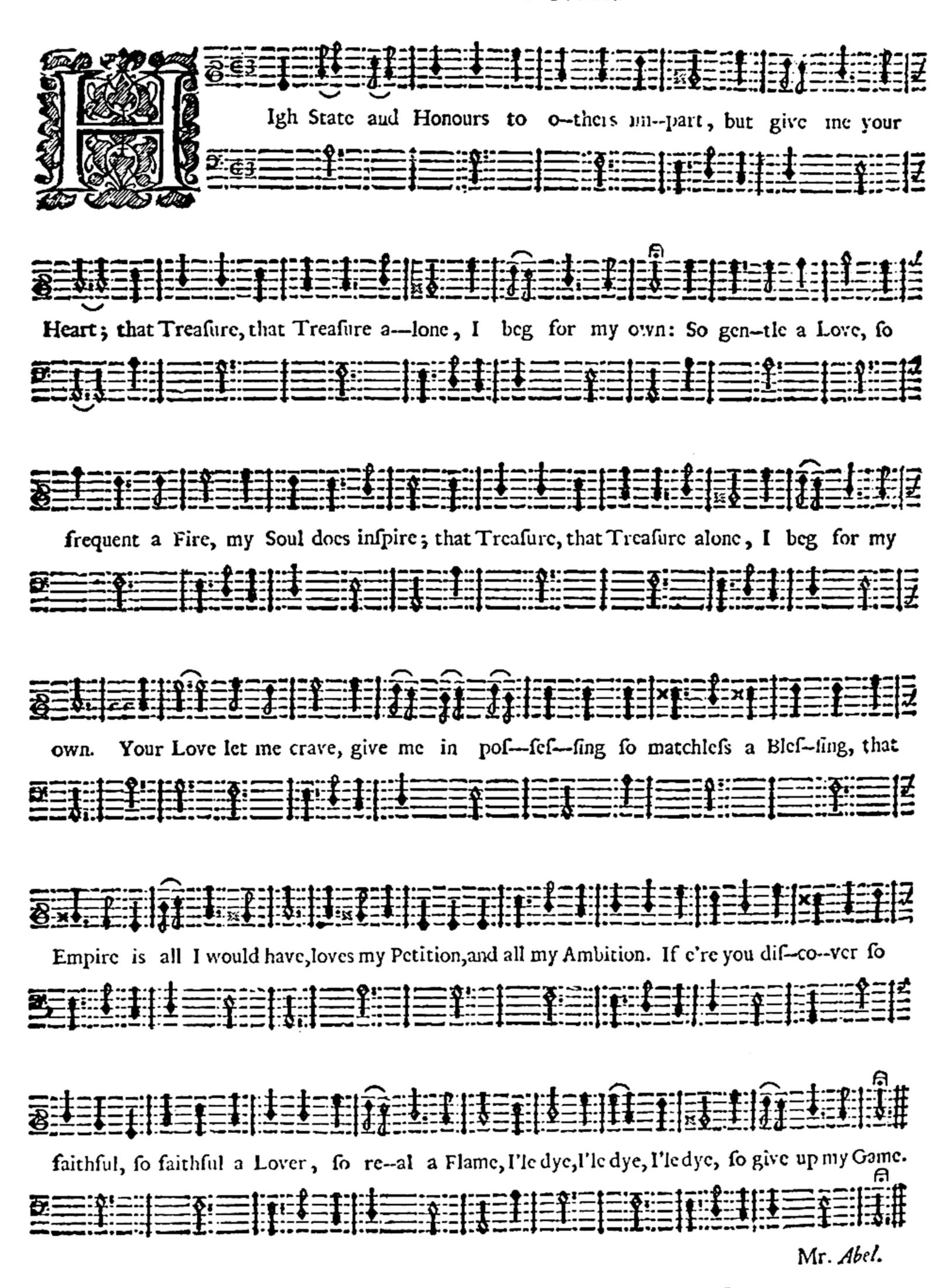
Your Love let me crave,
Give me in Possessing
So matchless a Blessing,
That Empire is all I wou'd have.

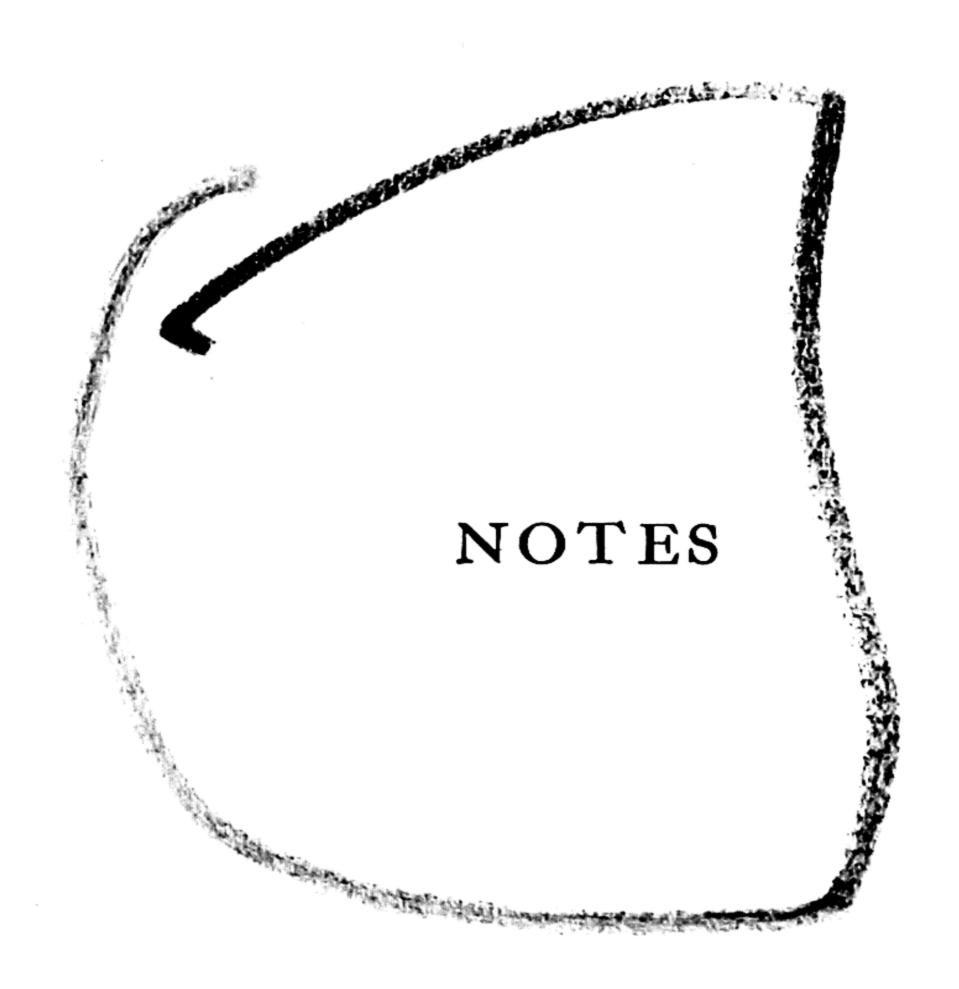
3

Love's my Petition,
All my Ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a Lover,
So real a Flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my Game.

[Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704]

An AYRE on a Ground.







TEXTUAL NOTES

THE songs in this edition have been reprinted from the earliest authoritative texts, and the original punctuation and spelling have been retained, except that the old-fashioned long "s" and the use of "u" for "v" and "VV" for "W" have been given up in favor of present-day practise. Other textual alterations that have been permitted are the following:

(1) Stanzas are numbered uniformly by means of arabic numerals, whereas in the original texts roman numerals are sometimes used, and stanzas are sometimes unnumbered.

(2) In early editions of seventeenth-century plays, songs are usually printed in italics, proper names (ordinarily italicized) being in roman type. In the present edition, this procedure is reversed: the songs are printed in roman type, the proper names in italics.

(3) Stage directions have been omitted except in the case of The Secular Masque (pp. 123-127), where they have seemed essential to an understanding of the author's meaning.

(4) Marginal designations of the characters who sing the songs are retained only in the case of dialogues and part-songs. On p. 13, l. 9, the name "Ferdinand" has been supplied in order to indicate the singer of the line.

(5) The title of the ode on the death of Purcell (p. 112) is from the title-page of the first edition.

(6) A few obvious errors of spelling, punctuation, word order, and the like have been corrected. These are recorded in the ensuing list, the first form under each entry representing the corrected reading, the second form the original reading. The five corrections on p. 70 are supplied in a list of errata on sig. civ of the first edition of the play; several others are tacitly derived from later editions of Dryden's works.

P. L. 5, 17. In their] In the

^{6, 12.} than] then

^{9, 16.} will I] I will

```
10, 18. breathe] breath
 21, 14. 'em] e'm
 24, 9. fainter,] fainter,,
 32, 2. lose] loose
 34, 21. Than] Then
 35, 19. wretched] wretch'd
 48, 2. puts] put
     3. aloud] a loud
 53, 22. I. Lajus! 2. Lajus! 3. Lajus!] I Lajus! 2 Lajus!
          3 Lajus!
    23. I. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!] I Hear! 2 Hear! 3 Hear!
 58, 9. 1 Farewell] Farwell
    10. Farewell] Farwell
 60, 2. your] our
 70, 3. Sea-raceing] Sea-spouting
     3. train'd] tam'd
     3. Motion] motion
     6. off] of
     7. unattending] unattended
 78, 19. Joys;] Joys
 79, 1. improving,] improving.
 83, 27. I call] 2. I call
 86, 9. Green-Sward] Green-Sword
113, 17. know] knew
122, 17. Charms] Charm
124, 8. Chronos] Chronus
    12. Cho] Co
131, 16. receive] receive
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The most authoritative texts of Dryden's songs are the first editions of his separately published odes and the first editions of the plays and miscellanies in which his other songs were published. In general, therefore, I have not attempted to collate subsequent editions and manuscript copies with the texts which I have used. In the first edition of Amphitryon and in the first edition of the ode on the death of Henry Purcell, however, the words of each song are printed twice—first by themselves, and then with the music; and wholly apart from the repetitions demanded by the exigencies of the music, several variants have crept in. Again, it is impossible definitely to determine in which of four miscellanies "Farewell, fair Armeda" first ap-

peared. Finally, "High state and honors" was first published anonymously as early as 1683 in the fourth volume of Choice Ayres and Songs; but I have reprinted the more authoritative text found in the fifth part of Poetical Miscellanies, 1704. In these instances, accordingly, I have listed the variants which affect the order of the words or the meaning of the text. Abbreviations are employed as follows, and the first form under each entry represents the reading of the text used in this edition.

WW Windsor-Drollery, 1672

CG Covent Garden Drolery, 1672

WD Westminster-Drollery, 1672

SA The Songs in Amphitryon, with the Musick, 1690 (appended to the first edition of the play)

OP An Ode, on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell, 1696 (the text accompanying the music)

CA Choice Ayres and Songs, Vol. IV, 1683

P. L

36, 11. fair Armeda] WW my Almeda CG fair Arminda

12. I have] WD have I

12. find] WW found CG hope WD hope

13. Vertue] WW Honour

15. my Honour] WW honour

16. A Fate] WW My fall CG The Fate WD The Fate

17. were to find] WW or to pine

18. speediest] WD speedier

38, I. On Seas] CG Or Seas

1. in Bullets] WW through bullets

3. gave me] CG gave

4. My Fate] WW My fall CG My fall

5. should] WW would WD would

6. should WW would CG would WD would

7. The Wound on my Breast when] WW When the wound on my brest

8. You'll] WW You will WD You'd

79, 10. Pleasures] SA pleasure

14. Then I] SA I then

80, 7. Fair] SA For

7. love] SA sigh7. I dye] SA dye

10. For I am as false, and as fickle as she] SAO these are the Virtues that Captivate me

SONGS OF JOHN DRYDEN

80, 18. equally] SA easily

81, 4. Shepherd's] SA happy

82, 7. kiss] SA give

12. Kiss me not] SA doe not kiss

113, 2. lay] OP Lays

10. God-like] OP matchless

18. Tun'd their jarring Sphere] OP turn'd the jarring Spheres

133, 5. fervent] CA frequent

14. All] CA and all

GENERAL NOTES

I. "You twice Ten Hundred Deities." (P. 3.)

From The Indian-Queen, 1665, act III. Sung by Ismeron. Dryden and Sir Robert Howard joined forces to write The Indian-Queen, and their respective contributions cannot be readily disentangled. The "incantation scene," however, in which this and the next song occur, resembles a similar scene in the second act of The Indian Emperour, and therefore seems likely to be Dryden's. The play was acted early in 1664 (A. Nicoll, A History of Restoration Drama, 1923, p. 365), and first printed in Howard's Four New Plays, 1665. It was later turned into an opera and produced at the Theater Royal, with music by Henry and Daniel Purcell, probably after April, 1695 (W. B. Squire, "Purcell's Dramatic Music," Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft, 1904, V, 528-530). The operatic version remained for long unprinted, but there is an early manuscript copy, with the names of some of the actors, in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 31449, ff. 1-69). E. J. Dent edited the opera for the Purcell Society in 1912 (The Works of Henry Purcell, 1912, XIX, 1-110).

The present song or incantation was probably recited rather than sung in the original performance. Later it became well known as The Conjuror's Song, or The Croaking of the Toad, and it can be found with Purcell's music in Deliciae Musicae, 1696, IV, 11-14; Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 25-28; 1706, I, 29-34; ca. 1745, pp. 19-20; A Collection of the most Celebrated Songs & Dialogues composed by ye late famous Mr. Henry Purcell, ca. 1705, pp. 20-21 (it is here said to have been sung by Leveridge); Mr Henr. Purcell's Favourite Songs, ca. 1725, Nos. 28, 29; in several collections of single songs in the British Museum [H. 1601. (537); G. 151. (193); G. 304. (191)]; and, according to Squire (loc. cit.), in The Songs in the Indian Queen, 1695. The words alone, without the music, can be found in The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 19; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 88; 1738, II,

61; The Choice, 1737, I, 91-92; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, pp. 642-643.

II. "Poor Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below." (P. 4.)

From The Indian-Queen, 1665, act III. According to the stage directions, the "Song is suppos'd sung by Aerial-Spirits." The passage in which this and the preceding song occur resembles a similar incantation passage in The Indian Emperour, and therefore seems likely to be Dryden's.

III. "You to whom Victory we owe." (P. 4.)

From *The Indian-Queen*, 1665, act V. Sung by a priest at the opening of the last act. There is no way of telling, apparently, whether the song is by Dryden or by Howard.

IV. "I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate." (P. 5.)

From The Indian Emperour, or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, 1667, act II. Sung by Kalib, who "ascends all in White in the shape of a Woman," and, after the song is over, descends again. The original music is lost. The play was revived in 1691 (W. B. Squire, "Purcell's Dramatic Music," Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft, 1904, V, 528), Kalib's song being set by Henry Purcell, whose music for it is included in The Banquet of Musick, 1691, VI, 14–15; Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 10–11; 1706, I, 8–9; ca. 1745, p. 6; and Mr Henr. Purcell's Favourite Songs, ca. 1725, No. 23. A single-sheet edition of the song examined by Alan Gray (The Works of Henry Purcell, 1916, XX, viii) specifies Pate as the singer on the occasion of the 1691 revival. The words are printed in The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 267.

V. "Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past?" (P. 5.)

From The Indian Emperour, or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, 1667, act IV. Sung by an Indian woman for the

entertainment of "Vasquez, Pizarro, and other Spaniards lying carelessly un-arm'd." After the song "two Spaniards arise and Dance a Saraband with Castanieta's." There is an attractive musical setting by the gifted composer Pelham Humphrey in Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675, I, 70-71; 1676, I, 66-67. "I. Tyndall" made a glee for four voices of it in 1785 (British Museum: Addit. MS. 31811, ff. 29-32), and Charles Lucas, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music from 1859 to 1866, set it to music as a madrigal for five voices in 1857 [British Museum: H. 1775. v. (27)]. Texts of the words, none of them authoritative, can be found in New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent., 1672, pp. 113-114; Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long, 1673, p. 33; 2nd ed., 1673, pp. 50-51; The Wits Academy, 1677, pp. 57-58; and The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 204.

VI. "I feed a flame within which so torments me." (P. 6.)

From Secret-Love, or The Maiden-Queen, 1668, act IV. Sung by Asteria (Mrs. Knep). This exquisite song never attained great popularity, and the music would appear to be irrevocably lost. It was printed in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, p. 132; and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century manuscript versions can be found respectively in Harl. MS. 3991, ff. 82-82°, and Harl. MS. 7332, f. 198. In the latter it is called Grideline, or Secret Love.

VII. "Make ready fair Lady to night." (P. 9.)

From Sr Martin Mar-all, or The Feign'd Innocence, 1668, act IV. The first stanza is sung by Warner and the second by Millicent, after an interruption by Moody. The tune is preserved in two ballad-operas: The Village Opera, 1729, air XLV, by Charles Johnson; and The Chamber-Maid, 1730, air XXIII, by Edward Phillips. The words are in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, p. 200; Westminster-Drollery, 1671 and 1672, p. 47; and Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 140.

VIII. "Blind Love to this hour." (P. 10.)

From Sr Martin Mar-all, or The Feign'd Innocence, 1668, act V. Sung by Warner for Sir Martin, who pretends to serenade Millicent. This is an adaptation of a song by Voiture, as Scott points out (The Works of John Dryden, 1808, III, 72). Dryden has reproduced Voiture's meter, and his first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas are based upon the first, second, seventh, and fourth stanzas of his model. His third stanza is original. Voiture's lines, as found in Les Oeuvres de Monsieur de Voiture, 1652, part II (Poesies), pp. 61-63, run as follows:

L'Amour sous sa loy
N'a jamais eu d'Amant plus heureux que moy;
Benit soit son flambeau,
Son carquois, son bandeau,
Je suis amoureux,
Et le Ciel ne voit point d'Amant plus heureux.

Mes jours & mes nuits,
Ont bien peu de repos & beaucoup d'ennuis;
Je me meurs de langueur,
J'ay le feu dans le cœur,
Je suis amoureux,
Et le Ciel ne voit point d'Amant plus heureux.

Mortels déplaisirs, Qui venez traverser mes justes desirs, Je ne crains point vos coups, Car, enfin, malgré vous, Je suis amoureux, &c.

A tous ses martyrs, L'Amour donne en leurs maux de secrets plaisirs; Je cheris ma douleur, Et dedans mon mal-heur, Je suis amoureux, &c.

Les yeux qui m'ont pris,
Payeroient tous mes maux avec un soûris,
Tous leurs traits me sont doux,
Mesme dans leur couroux,
Je suis amoureux, &c.

Cloris eut des Cieux, En naissant, la faveur & l'amour des Dieux, Je la veux adorer, Et sans rien esperer, J'en suis amoureux, &c.

Souvent le dépit, Peut bien, pour quelque temps, changer mon esprit, Je maudis sa rigueur, Mais au fond de mon cœur, J'en suis amoureux, &c.

Estant dans les fers,

De la belle Cloris, je chantay ces vers;

Maintenant d'un sujet,

Mille fois plus parfait,

Je suis amoureux, &c.

La seule beauté, Qui soit digne d'amour, tient ma liberté, Et je puis desormais Dire mieux que jamais, Je suis amoureux, Et le Ciel ne voit point d'Amant plus heureux.

Dryden's song is printed in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, pp. 150-151.

IX. "Where does proud Ambition dwell?" (P. 11.)

From The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island, 1670, act II. This and the following songs from The Tempest present all the problems of divided authorship that we have encountered in the case of The Indian-Queen. Davenant and Dryden collaborated in The Tempest, and it was produced in 1667, though not published until 1670. Four years later Shadwell turned the comedy as Dryden and Davenant had left it into an opera, with music by the well-known composer Matthew Lock; and still later Purcell wrote music for a revival of Shadwell's alteration. The complications arising from these successive revisions are many, but they have been skilfully unraveled by W. B. Squire ("Purcell's Dramatic Music," Sammelbände der Interna-

tionalen Musikgesellschaft, 1904, V, 551-555) and W. J. Lawrence ("Did Thomas Shadwell Write an Opera on 'The Tempest'?" Anglia, 1904, XXVII, 205-217). A volume entitled The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, contains music by John Banister, James Hart, and Pelham Humphrey for a production subsequent to 1667—perhaps for the production of 1674. For further discussion of these knotty matters, see Squire's illuminating article on "The Music in Shadwell's 'Tempest'" in The Musical Quarterly, 1921, VII, 565-578, and Lawrence's revision of his earlier essay in the first volume of The Elizabethan Playhouse, 1912, pp. 193-206.

The present dialogue was sung by two devils, and it was considerably expanded by Shadwell in 1674. It is impossible to determine whether it is the work, as it stands, of Dryden or of Davenant; though one would be inclined to suspect, were it not for the fact that the preface is signed by Dryden, that Davenant was responsible for nearly the whole alteration. That Dryden was capable of workmanship quite as slovenly, however, is demonstrated by his opera *Albion and Albanius* and his dramatization of *Paradise Lost*.

X. "Around, around, we pace." (P. 12.)

From The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island, 1670, act II. Sung by Pride, Fraud, Rapine, and Murther "in a round encompassing the Duke." After singing they dance and then vanish. In Shadwell's revision these lines are utilized as the concluding chorus of a longer song.

XI. "Dry those eyes which are o'reflowing." (P. 13.)

From The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island, 1670, act III. Sung by "Ariel invisible." This song was set by Banister, and can be found with his music in The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, No. 2, and in Addit. MS. 29396, f. 112^v, dating from about 1680. Shadwell retained the lines in his revision of the play in 1674, and they were furnished with music by Purcell for a still later revival. His setting has been

NOTES 147

reprinted in The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. E. J. Dent, 1912, XIX, 136-143.

XII. "Go thy way." (P. 13.)

From The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island, 1670, act III. This dialogue between Ferdinand and Ariel was also set by Banister, and is contained in The Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, ca. 1675, No. 3. The words alone are printed in Windsor-Drollery, 1672, pp. 12-13.

XIII. "We want Musick, we want Mirth." (P. 17.)

From The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island, 1670, act III. Sung by Caliban.

XIV. "Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!" (P. 17.)

From Tyrannick Love, or The Royal Martyr, 1670, act IV. "Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing," and when they have finished, "The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down." An early anonymous setting, dated June 8, 1681, is preserved in Addit. MS. 19759, ff. 29v-30, and there is a parody of the dialogue in The Rehearsal, 1672, act V, in which the two kings of Brentford appear in the clouds. Purcell's music, composed for a revival of the play about 1695, is included in Deliciae Musicae, 1695, I, 16-23; Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 148-154; 1706, I, 113-119; ca. 1745, pp. 69-72; Harmonia Anglicana, ca. 1765, pp. 74-77; a collection of single songs in the British Museum [H. 1994. a. (118)]; and The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. Alan Gray, 1917, XXI, 135-145. In the revival for which Purcell's music was composed, Damilcar was called Daridcar, and the duet was sung, according to Deliciae Musicae, by Mr. Bowman and Mrs. Ayliff.

XV. "You pleasing dreams of Love and sweet delight." (P. 21.)

From Tyrannick Love, or The Royal Martyr, 1670, act IV. Sung by Damilcar. The music is not extant.

XVI. "Ah how sweet it is to love." (P. 21.)

From Tyrannick Love, or The Royal Martyr, 1670, act IV. Sung by Damilcar. "At the end of the Song a Dance of Spirits." This song, long deservedly popular, was set to music by Purcell for the revival of Tyrannick Love in 1695. It was sung on that occasion by Mrs. Ayliff. Purcell's music is printed with the first two of Dryden's stanzas in Deliciae Musicae, 1695, I, 6-7; Mr Henr. Purcell's Favourite Songs, ca. 1725, No. 2; Orpheus Britannicus, ca. 1745, p. 2; and in several collections of single songs in the British Museum [K. 7. i. 2. (22); G. 304. (15); G. 315. (14); and others]. Orpheus Britannicus, 1698 and 1706, I, 3, has only the first stanza of the words. There is an early eighteenth-century manuscript of Purcell's air in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 22099, f. 59), and a modern reprint in The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. Alan Gray, 1917, XXI, 146-147. The words alone can be found in Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 41; The Hive, 1732, I, 146; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 233–234; 1738, II, 192–193; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1735, II, 83; The Choice, 1737, I, 185; The Aviary, ca. 1750, pp. 37-38; The Charmer, 1752 and 1782, I, 219-220; The Muses Delight, 1754, p. 274; A Collection of Songs, 1762, p. 57; and The Buck's Bottle Companion, 1775, p. 57.

XVII. "You charm'd me not with that fair face." (P. 23.)

From An Evening's Love, or The Mock-Astrologer, 1671, act II. Sung by Wildblood (Mr. Hart). The song is preceded by the following lines:

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a breach by the dangers of possession: I have a Song to that purpose.

Jac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the tune of one of our Passa-calles.

A passacaglia, or passacaglio, is "An old Italian or Spanish dance tune, resembling the chaconne, in slow three-four measure, usually with divisions on a ground base" (Webster's New International Dictionary).

XVIII. "After the pangs of a desperate Lover." (P. 24.)

From An Evening's Love, or The Mock-Astrologer, 1671, act II. Sung by Wildblood (Mr. Hart), who prefaces his singing with the remark: "Strike up Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a song al' Angloise, pray be ready with your Chorus." Doralice in Marriage A-la-Mode, 1673, III, i, alludes to Wildblood's song. A setting by Alphonso Marsh the elder is printed in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 8; Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 4; and a later setting by John Ernest Galliard, a German-born musician who died in England in 1749, is printed in The Merry Musician, ca. 1728, II, 87-88, and The Musical Miscellany, 1729, I, 100-101. The words of the song can be found in Merry Drollery Complete. The First Part, 1670 and 1691, pp. 171-172; The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, pp. 191-192; Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 139; The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 202; 1732, IV, 143; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 130; 1738, II, 98-99; The Cupid, 1736, p. 179; 1739, p. 200; and A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1736, IV, 42.

XIX. "Calm was the Even, and cleer was the Skie." (P. 26.)

From An Evening's Love, or The Mock-Astrologer, 1671, act IV. Sung by Beatrix (Mrs. Knep). A musical setting by Alphonso Marsh can be found in Choice Songs, and Avres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 9; Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 8; and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, and 1714, I, 177-178; 1719, III, 160-161. The words alone are in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, pp. 192-193 (with the addition of two spurious stanzas); Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 100; The Canting Academy, 1673, pp. 184-185 (with the addition of two spurious stanzas); The Compleat Courtier, 1683, pp. 14-15; Merry Drollery Compleat. The Second Part, 1691, pp. 220-221 and 292; The Masque, ca. 1790, p. 212; and The Bagford Ballads, ed. J. W. Ebsworth,

1878, II, 499-502 (with the addition of eight spurious stanzas). A seventeenth-century manuscript version is preserved in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 3991, ff. 149-149^v). In Covent Garden Drolery, 1672, pp. 38-39, there is an imitation of Dryden's song, beginning "Fair was my Mistress, and fine as a Bride"; and in Mock Songs and Joking Poems, 1675, pp. 129-130, there is a song headed A Mock to, Calm was the Evening and cleer was the Skye, beginning "Sharp was the Air, and cold was the Ground."

XX. "Celimena, of my heart." (P. 28.)

From An Evening's Love, or The Mock-Astrologer, 1671, act V. Sung by Wildblood (Mr. Hart) and Jacintha (Mrs. Gwyn). The original air is lost, but there is an eighteenth-century setting by Dr. Pepusch, celebrated for his overtures in The Beggar's Opera, in The Merry Musician, ca. 1731, III, 34-35, and The Musical Miscellany, 1731, V, 177-179. The words can be found in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, p. 106; Westminster-Drollery, 1671 and 1672, pp. 30-31; Windsor-Drollery, 1672, pp. 101-102; The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 209-210; and Harl. MS. 3991, ff. 89-90, dating from the seventeenth century. There are two burlesques of the dialogue in Mock Songs and Joking Poems, 1675, pp. 107-108 and 133. The first, of five stanzas, begins "Pretty Peggy grant to me," and the second, of four stanzas, begins "Moll, I nere yet knew my mind."

XXI. "Beneath a Myrtle shade." (P. 30.)

From The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards, part I, 1672, act III. In the first edition this is printed after the epilogue, with the marginal note, "Misplac'd. Sung at the dance, or Zambra in the third Act." John Banister's music is contained in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 45; Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 37; and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, and 1714, I, 184-186; 1719, III, 170-171. The words are in Westminster-

NOTES 151

Drollery, 1671, pp. 31-33 and 116-117; 1672, pp. 31-33; Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 5; The Hive, 1732, I, 157-158; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 78.

XXII. "Wherever I am, and whatever I doe." (P. 32.)

From The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards, part I, 1672, act IV. There are four early musical settings for this song. The first, by Alphonso Marsh, is in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 37; Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 29; and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, 1714, I, 180-181; 1719, III, 163-165. The second is by Pelham Humphrey. It has been printed from an unspecified source by John Stafford Smith in Musica Antiqua, 1812, II, 170, and it is also available in The Minstrelcy of England, ed. A Moffat and F. Kidson, 1901, p. 67 and in Ten Seventeenth Century Songs, ed. Sir F. Bridge, n.d., pp. 26-27. A third air is found in a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 313. (163)], and is anonymous; and a fourth, by "Mr. Froud," is in Calliope, ca. 1738, I, 105. The words are in The New Academy of Complements, 1671 and 1713, pp. 296-297 (in the 1671 edition incorrectly numbered 286-287); Westminster-Drollery, 1671 and 1672, pp. 10-11; Windsor-Drollery, 1672, pp. 162-163 (incorrectly numbered 138-139); The Wits Academy, 1677, pp. 122-123; The Hive, 1732, I, 231-232; The Cupid, 1736, p. 106; 1739, pp. 119-120; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 603; The Charmer, 1782, II, 153; A Collection of Songs, Chiefly Such as are Eminent for Poetical Merit, 1782, p. 153; and a manuscript in the British Museum dating from about 1675 (Sloane MS. 1487, ff. 4-4").

XXIII. "How unhappy a Lover am I." (P. 35.)

From Almanzor and Almahide, or, The Conquest of Granada, part II, 1672, act IV. Music for the dialogue by Nicholas Staggins is preserved in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 38; Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 32; Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, and 1714, I, 182–183; 1719, III, 166–167; and in a manuscript

in the British Museum dating from about 1680 (Addit. MS. 29396, f. 67°). The words can be found in *The New Academy of Complements*, 1671 and 1713, pp. 316-317 (in the 1671 edition incorrectly numbered 306-307); *Westminster-Drollery*, 1671 and 1672, pp. 14-15 (the tune is here said to be "*How severe is forgetful old age*"); *Windsor-Drollery*, 1672, pp. 1-2; and *The Hive*, 1732, I, 144-145. There is a six-stanza imitation of the dialogue in *Holborn-Drollery*, 1673, pp. 48-50, entitled *Concealed Love*. A Song and beginning "How unhappy a Lover am I, Whilst the flames in my brest I conceal."

XXIV. "Farewel, fair Armeda, my Joy and my Grief." (P. 36.)

From New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent., 1672, pp. 78-79. This song was never acknowledged by Dryden, and its authenticity is therefore conjectural. It first appeared almost simultaneously in four miscellanies the precise dates of which are unfortunately impossible to determine: Westminster-Drollery, 1672, p. 125; Covent Garden Drolery, 1672, p. 16; Windsor-Drollery, 1672, p. 146; and R. V.'s collection (from which I have taken the present text). Three years later it was ridiculed in the third edition of The Rehearsal, 1675, in two passages which, because they have sometimes been misinter-preted, I shall quote in full. In the first passage (II, i) Bayes undertakes to explain the circumstances attendant upon the composition of his poetry, and says:

If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of Stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Phisic, and let blood.

Later (III, i) fair Armeda is again brought to the fore:

Bayes.... What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremtorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, Sir? after she was dead?

NOTES 153

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say? Why, nothing: he were a Devil that had anything to say to that?

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did she come to dye, pray Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

Johns. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel, fair Armida, on Seas, and in battels, in Bullets, and all that.

SONG.

In swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be, Than in a Strong Castle, remoted from thee: My deaths-bruise pray think you gave me, tho a fall Did give it me more, from the top of a wall; For then if the Moat on her mud would first lay, And after before you my body convey: The blew on my brest when you happen to see, You'l say, with a Sigh, there's a True blew for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I gad.

This is sheer nonsense, certainly, and to take Tom Thimble and his wife seriously is beside the point; for the general tenor of the passage, despite the contradictory nature of some of the remarks, is clear. The author of this portion of *The Rehearsal*, that is to say, was of the opinion that Dryden wrote "Farewell, fair Armeda," and that it was a poor enough piece of work to justify his ridicule.

It is possible to allege, of course, that the song was foisted upon Dryden with malice prepense, but the usual satirical method of the authors of *The Rehearsal* does not bear out this hypothesis. Nor is it quite legitimate to argue that the song is unworthy of Dryden, and that therefore he could not have written it. Malone, who first printed it as Dryden's (*The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden*, 1800, I, i, 104), was definitely of the opposite opinion; and Scott, who

also considered it authentic (The Works of John Dryden, 1808, XI, 161–162), thought well enough of it to quote the first two lines of the second stanza in The Pirate, chapter XXXIX, in connection with the farewell which Captain Cleveland wrote to Minna Troil. On the other hand, recent editors have very generally rejected the song because, to quote one of them (G. Thorn-Drury, Covent Garden Drollery, 1928, p. 128), they see "no real ground for attributing to Dryden" verses which "upon internal evidence no one would have ever imagined to be his." But assuredly the allegation of a contemporary, however hostile, is more reliable evidence than the opinion of a critic, however discriminating and judicial, two hundred and fifty years after the event.

In rejecting Malone's attribution, Mr. Thorn-Drury centers his attack upon the editor of a so-called "key" to The Rehearsal (published in 1704), in which fair Armeda is for the first time specifically ascribed to Dryden; but what he has to say in this connection, while sound enough in itself, is hardly relevant to the point at issue. The Rehearsal, not the "key" to The Rehearsal, should engage our major attention; and even if the editor of the latter had access to no special sources of information, his opinion as a critic in other respects well informed still has a residuum of value. Mr. Thorn-Drury alludes to what he describes as the "difficulty" that the "parody itself is not to be found in the first edition of The Rehearsal," but in a subsequent copy, and he appears to imply that this "difficulty" cannot be satisfactorily disposed of. But The Rehearsal was acted in 1671 before the publication of "Farewell, fair Armeda," and Francis Digby, the supposed subject of the song, was killed in 1672, as Mr. Thorn-Drury admits.

In addition to what appears in *The Rehearsal*, there are one or two suggestions elsewhere to connect Dryden with this song. In *Covent Garden Drolery* there is a song beginning "Farewell, dear *Revechia*, my joy and my grief," in which Revechia has very generally been identified with Dryden's mistress, Mrs. Reeve. The song is a gross parody of "Farewell, fair Armeda," but it may well have been written to turn the tables on Dryden

if the lines on Captain Digby are really his. Also of interest is the fact that "Farewell, fair Armeda" is printed immediately after two indisputable songs of Dryden's in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 10, and in Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 9. The music for it in these collections is by Robert Smith, a composer who collaborated with Dryden on other occasions. Finally, the fifth line in the last stanza of "Fair, sweet and young, receive a prize" is highly reminiscent of the sixth line in the first stanza of the present song.

"Farewell, fair Armeda" is also found in The Canting Academy, 1673, pp. 173-174; Egerton MS. 2623, f. 89 (British Museum); and The Roxburghe Ballads, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1889, VI, 40-42 (expanded to five stanzas). Usually a reply beginning "Blame not your Armeda nor call her your grief" is printed along with the original words. There is a five-stanza burlesque of the song in Mock Songs and Joking Poems, 1675, pp. 79-80, beginning "Far-well my dear Puggy, my Pullet, my Low-bell"; and in the same collection (pp. 7-8) the song "Poor Arinda in an Arbour lay sleeping" is to the "Tune of, Farewell my Armida, my joy." The tune is also found as "Farewell, my Calista" in The Village Opera, 1729, air XLVIII, by Charles Johnson.

XXV. "Why should a foolish Marriage Vow." (P. 38.)

From Marriage A-la-Mode, 1673, act I. Sung by Doralice (Mrs. Marshall) and Beliza (Mrs. Slade). This song opens the first act and establishes in effective manner the tone of artificial pastoral beauty that characterizes the rest of the play. It was set by Robert Smith, and is printed with the original music in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 39; and Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 35. An anonymous eighteenth-century setting appears in The Musical Miscellany, 1729, II, 52-53, and The Merry Musician, ca. 1735, IV, 161-162. The words can be found in New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent., 1672, p. 72; The Hive, 1732, I, 166; The Nightingale, 1738, pp. 300-301; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 617; and The Tea-Table Miscellany, 1762, pp. 295-296.

XXVI. "Whil'st Alexis lay prest." (P. 40.)

From Marriage A-la-Mode, 1673, act IV. Nicholas Staggins composed the music, which was published in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 27, and Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 22-23. Texts of the words are contained in the following miscellanies: Covent Garden Drolery, 1672, p. 62; New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent., 1672, p. 77; Westminster Drollery, the Second Part, 1672, pp. 119-120; The Canting Academy, 1673, p. 174; The Wits Academy, 1677, p. 72; The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 201; The Cupid, 1736, p. 216; 1739, p. 237; and The Choice, 1737, I, 236. The first and last stanzas are preserved in a British Museum manuscript dating from the seventeenth century (Lansd. MS. 740, f. 170°). There is a rather close imitation of Dryden's song in Covent Garden Drolery, 1672, p. 72, and New Court-Songs, and Poems. By R. V. Gent., 1672, pp. 104-105. It begins, in the latter, "So closely, closely prest In his Clymena's Arms young Damon lay," and it is entitled Enjoyment. A Song at the King's House. The "King's House," of course, was the Theater Royal, and the song was doubtless introduced into a contemporary play there in emulation of Dryden's successful entertainment at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

XXVII. "Eveillez vous, Belles endormies." (P. 42.)

From The Assignation: or, Love in a Nunnery, 1673, act II. Sung by Benito (Mr. Haynes). This humorous snatch, one of several bits of song put into the mouth of the tuneful Benito, was perhaps taken from a contemporary French song. Later in the same scene Benito sings the following lines:

But still between kissing Amintas did say, Fair Phillis look up, and you'll turn night to day.

XXVIII. "Long betwixt Love and fear *Phillis* tormented." (P. 44.)

From The Assignation: or, Love in a Nunnery, 1673, act III. A setting by Robert Smith appears in Choice Songs and Ayres

NOTES 157

for One Voyce, 1673, I, 59, and Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 50; and the words alone are in London Drollery, 1673, p. 2; Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long, 1673, p. 12; 2nd ed., 1673, pp. 34-35; and The Hive, 1732, I, 142.

XXIX. "The day is come, I see it rise." (P. 46.)

From Amboyna, 1673, act III. Music by Robert Smith, together with the last two stanzas of the text, can be found in Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 1673, I, 60, and Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 1675 and 1676, I, 47. The last two stanzas of the words are in Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long, 2nd ed., 1673, p. 9, and all three stanzas are in London Drollery, 1673, p. 130, and The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 7.

XXX. "Who ever saw a noble sight." (P. 48.)

From Amboyna, 1673, act III. This appears in the second edition of Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long, 1673, pp. 13-14.

XXXI. "Look up, look up, and see." (P. 49.)

From The State of Innocence, and Fall of Man, 1677, act III. Before the song begins, according to the stage directions, spirits dance about a tree "in deform'd shapes," and "after the Dance an Angel enters, with a Woman, habited like Eve." After line 16, "The Angel takes the fruit and gives to the Spirits, who danc'd, they immediately put off their deform'd shapes, and appear Angels." After line 20, "The Angel gives to the Woman who eats," and after line 25, "The spirits who are turn'd Angels fly up, when they have tasted." Following the song, "Two Angels descend, they take the Woman each by the hand, and fly up with her out of sight. The Angel who sung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy at the same instant, sink down with the Tree."

XXXII. "Phæbus, God belov'd by men." (P. 50.)

From Oedipus, 1679, act II. Sung by Manto (Mrs. Evans). Dryden and Lee collaborated in Oedipus, and the authorship of

the Song to Apollo is therefore somewhat doubtful. The music is probably irrevocably lost. An early miscellany, The Compleat Courtier, 1683, p. 137, has a copy of the words.

XXXIII. "Chuse the darkest part o' th' Grove." (P. 51.)

From Oedipus, 1679, act III. Tiresias was acted by Mr. Harris. The present piece was doubtless chanted or recited rather than sung, but I have printed it on account of its essentially lyrical nature. It should be compared with The Indian-Queen, III, ii, and The Indian Emperour, II, i. The consensus of critical opinion with regard to Oedipus seems to be that the whole of the third act, in which also the next song appears, "is beyond all doubt Dryden's" (see The Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1883, VI, 130).

XXXIV. "Hear, ye sullen Pow'rs below." (P. 52.)

From Oedipus, 1679, act III. After the second chorus (line 30) there is "A flash of Lightning: the Stage is made bright; and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees." At the conclusion of the song, in response to the injunctions of Tiresias, "The Ghost of Lajus rises arm'd in his Chariot, as he was slain. And behind his Chariot, sit the three who were Murder'd with him." Purcell contributed music for a revival of Oedipus in 1692 (W. B. Squire, "Purcell's Dramatic Music," Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft, 1904, V, 541), and his setting for the present song has been printed in The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. Alan Gray, 1917, XXI, 1-18. Gray (pp. i-ii) lists a number of manuscripts of the music.

XXXV. "Can life be a blessing." (P. 54.)

From Troilus and Cressida, or, Truth Found too Late, 1679, act III. The stage directions read: "Musick. and then Song: during which Pandarus listens." The original music by Thomas Farmer is in Choice Ayres and Songs, 1681, III, 3. There is a different setting of later date in A Collection of Songs... Com-

NOTES 159

pos'd by Mr. John Eccles, ca. 1704, p. 137. The words are printed in The Compleat Courtier, 1683, p. 130, and The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 146. There is a broadside copy of the song in the collection of the Earl of Crawford (Bibliotheca Lindesiana Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads, 1890, No. 201). Unfeigned Friendship, a ballad in the Pepys collection, is to the tune of "Can Life be a Blessing, &c." (see The Pepys Ballads, ed. H. E. Rollins, 1930, III, 82-85).

XXXVI. "'Gainst Keepers we petition." (P. 56.)

From The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, 1680, act I. Sung by Mrs. Tricksey and Judith. Later texts appeared in The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 217, and The Choice, 1737, I, 235.

XXXVII. "I my own Jaylour was; my only Foe." (P. 57.)

From The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, 1680, act II. Sung by Limberham, probably without musical accompaniment.

XXXVIII. "By a dismal Cypress lying." (P. 57.)

From The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, 1680, act III. Sung by Judith. I have been unable to find Dryden's professed Italian source. The song appeared in The Cupid, 1736, p. 125; 1739, p. 145; and The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 207.

XXXIX. "Look down, ye bless'd above, look down." (P. 58.)

From The Spanish Fryar or, The Double Discovery, 1681, act I. The stage directions before the song call for "A Procession of Priests and Choristers in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies . . . the Choristers singing." The original music is lost, but incidental music by John Eccles, evidently intended for a revival of the play about 1700, is preserved in Addit. MS. 29378, ff. 139–139°, with the title Procession in ver Spanish Fryar. Mr. John Eccles.

XL. "Farewell ungratefull Traytor." (P. 58.)

From The Spanish Fryar or, The Double Discovery, 1681, act V. Sung by Teresa (Mrs. Crofts). Captain Pack, an obscure musician of little skill, composed the original melody, which can be found in a manuscript dating from about 1681 (Addit. MS. 19759, f. 20^v), and in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1707 and 1709, IV, 122-123; 1719, V, 334-335. A later setting, ascribed to Thomas Waters, was published about 1780 by I. F[entum], and is contained in a collection of single songs in the British Museum [G. 307. (244)]. The words alone are in Wit and Drollery. Jovial Poems, 1682, pp. 305-306; The Compleat Courtier, 1683, pp. 139-140; The Hive, 1732, I, 196; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 198-199; 1738, II, 157-158; The Cupid, 1736 and 1739, p. 2; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, pp. 154-155. The song was also expanded to ten stanzas and printed as a broadside (The Roxburghe Ballads, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1889, VI, 21-22). W. Strunk, in his edition of All For Love and The Spanish Fryar, 1911, p. 327, notes that Swinburne reproduced the stanzaic pattern of "Farewell, ungrateful traitor" in The Garden of Proserpine, and D. Nichol Smith, in Dryden Poetry & Prose, 1925, p. 198, observes that Keats made use of the same pattern in his stanzas beginning "In a drear-nighted December."

An anonymous alteration of Dryden's song was sung to a different tune and became almost as popular as the original. As found in a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 307. (186)], it runs as follows:

Farewell thou false Philander,
Since now from me you rove;
and leave me here to wander,
no more to think of Love:
I must forever languish
I must forever mourn;
From Love I now am banish'd,
and shall no more return.

2.

Farewell deceitful Traytor,
Farewell thou perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe your Vows again:
The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.

There is another tune in *The Musical Miscellany*, 1729, I, 42-43 (by "Mr. Gouge"), and in Ralph's *The Fashionable Lady*, 1730, air LXI. The words of the alteration appeared in *The Choice*, 1733, III, 270; *The Hive*, ca. 1733, III, 135; *The Cupid*, 1736, p. 18; 1739, pp. 15-16; *The Nightingale*, 1738, p. 292; and *The Aviary*, ca. 1750, p. 157.

XLI. "Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho!" (P. 60.)

From The Duke of Guise, 1683, act III. Sung by a "Spirit within."

XLII. "Tell me Thirsis, tell your Anguish." (P. 61.)

From The Duke of Guise, 1683, sigg. L3-L4. In the first edition this song is printed with Captain Pack's music at the end of the play. It was apparently intended to be sung at the banquet of Malicorne, where the stage directions read, "After a Song and Dance, loud knocking at the door." Pack's music can also be found in Choice Ayres and Songs, 1683, IV, 80-81; Addit. MS. 29397, ff. 25-26, and Addit. MS. 19759, ff. 44,-45. Both of these manuscripts date from before 1690. The words of the song are in Wits Cabinet, 1703, pp. 132-133; The Hive, 1732, I, 217; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 462.

XLIII. "On a bank, beside a Willow." (P. 64.)

From Miscellany Poems, 1684, pp. 308-309. Except for the doubtful "Farewell, fair Armeda," this is the earliest of Dryden's songs not specifically intended for one of his plays. Two

eighteenth-century musical settings have survived — one by James Oswald, a claimant for the honor of having been responsible for the present form of God Save the King, and the other by William Boyce, one of the most popular composers of the century. The former may be found in Universal Harmony, 1745 and 1746, p. 95, and there is a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [I. 530. (118)]. Boyce's tune, with the first two stanzas only of the words, was also published separately [British Museum: G. 310. (197)]. The words alone appeared in all editions of the first part of Miscellany Poems (1692, pp. 301-302; 1702, pp. 170-171; 1716, pp. 102-103; and 1727, p. 97); in Dryden's posthumous Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, p. 202; The Hive, 1733, II, 13-14; The Choice, 1733, II, 48; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734 and 1738, I, 249; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1735, I, 134; The Muses Delight, 1754, p. 315 (two stanzas only); and The Tea-Table Miscellany, 1762, p. 246.

XLIV. "Cease, Augusta! Cease thy mourning." (P. 66.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act I. Sung by Mercury. Albion and Albanius was composed by Louis Grabu, a French musician of mediocre talent, and, contrary to the ordinary custom in operas of the period, the dialogue was set to music throughout. The ten passages here reprinted, therefore, represent merely "The Songish Part," to use a term coined by Dryden in his preface, as distinguished from "The recitative part of the Opera." It will be noted that three of the "songs" included by Warton in The Poetical Works of John Dryden, 1811, II, 370-372, have been rejected as belonging to the latter category rather than to the former. The problem of extracting independent lyrical passages from a work like Albion and Albanius, as a matter of fact, is one of considerable difficulty, and there has been little or no uniformity in the practise of previous editors of Dryden's non-dramatic works. Not one of them, surprisingly enough, has printed the lines beginning "From the low palace of old Father Ocean," which in my opinion are

NOTES 163

among the most quotable in the opera. Dryden himself suggests "softness and variety of Numbers" as a distinguishing characteristic of "The Songish Part" of the opera; but a safer basis of selection seems to me to be the literary form of each passage, and it is on this that I have chiefly depended in choos-

ing the extracts printed in the present edition.

Albion and Albanius was performed in June, 1685, after the death of Charles II, who was to have been the chief object of Dryden's allegorical flattery. Grabu's music was contemptuously received, and the opera was a failure, though it is said to have lasted six nights. A sumptuous edition of the complete score was issued in 1687, but modern opinion concurring with that of Grabu's contemporaries, the music has not been reprinted. In 1696 George Powell produced A New Opera; Called, Brutus of Alba: or, Augusta's Triumph (published 1697), in which there are extensive borrowings from Albion and Albanius. Brutus stands for William III, who was as unctuously exalted by Powell as Charles II and the Duke of York had been by Dryden in the characters of Albion and Albanius. Powell did not scruple to borrow specific lines as well as his general scheme from Dryden's opera. For example, he altered Mercury's admonitions to Augusta (London) as follows:

Mer. Cease, fair Augusta, cease thy Sorrow,
And tho' to Day thou mourn'st, thou'lt smile to Morrow.
Thy Morning Prayer, and Evening Dreams,
Thy Albion with his smiling Beams,
Returns so Glorious, Bright and Gay,
He Rivals the Great God of Day.

XLV. "Then Zeal and Common-wealth infest." (P. 66.) From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act II. Sung by Albion.

XLVI. "All Hail yee Royal pair!" (P. 67.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act II. Sung by Apollo, who appears in the clouds holding the reins of his horses, "with the Rays and a great glory" about him. Compare Powell's Brutus of Alba, 1697, IV, ii:

Apollo. Albion all Hail! Thou Sacred Head!

Heavens Darling Care, no Danger dread:

For Walls of Fate, thy Life Enclose,

The Plots of thy Malitious Foes,

Abhor'd above, Expos'd below,

Their own dull Light shall shew

Treason, which her Infernal Train

Works in her Hellish Mines in vain.

Chorus. Albion, all Hail, &c.

Apollo. My Oracles declare, When he has done
His finish'd Work of Fate,
And broke the Universal Yoke,
A Smiling Race of Years, his Reign shall Crown.

XLVII. "Old Father Ocean calls my Tyde." (P. 68.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act II. Sung by Thames. Compare Powell's Brutus of Alba, 1697, IV, ii:

Thamesis. Hark, I am call'd; old Father Ocean Calls my Tide;
Come away.
On the Mounting Billows dancing,
See the Royal Bark advancing;
The Waves, the Wind and Sea,
Are all at Albion's dear Devotion.

Ist Triton. See the Merry Boatswain too, Has call'd his Jolley Crew,

Chorus. Come, come, $\Im c$.

A Dance of Six Watermen.

Neptune. See, see, the Sea Gods trim thy Sails,

Every Nymph in all her Pride.

1st Triton. Wafted by the Calmer Gales,

O're thy own Main Triumphant Ride.

Augusta. Each Neried does her Locks adorn,

And every Triton minds his Horn: The Lovely Mermaid too, behold How she Combs her flowing Gold: Without a Snare, or Charm, she sings,

Welcome to the best of Kings.

Chorus. Welcome, &c.

XLVIII. "Yee Nymphs, the Charge is Royal." (P. 68.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act II. Sung by "Two Nymphs and Triton." After each stanza a "Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons repeat the same Verses;" and in conclusion the chorus sings the last stanza of the preceding song (i. e. the seven lines beginning "See the God of Seas attends Thee"). A chaconne, or Spanish dance in slow triple time, is performed during the progress of the song. Compare Powell's Brutus of Alba, 1697, act V:

Fame.

You Nymphs that attend the Soveraign Barge,

Guard, guard your Royal Charge;

And let your loyal Hands the Bark support, With all the Glory of your Watry Court.

Chor.

Then let your Royal, &c.

Fame.

Pleasure and Joy shall waft him o'er,

And Triumph eccho round from Shore to Shore.

Grand Chor. Pleasure and Joy, &c.

XLIX. "From the low Palace of old Father Ocean." (P. 70.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act III. Sung by Nereids, who rise out of the sea, while Tritons dance.

L. "Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men." (P. 70.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act III. Sung by Proteus. Compare Powell's Brutus of Alba, 1697, act V:

Proteus. Albion, belov'd of Earth and Heaven,

Bid rough War and Battel cease;

Return with Fame when thou hast driven The hunted Tyrant down, and given

Europe a Universal Peace.

Chor. Albion belov'd, &c.

Proteus. Albion! Albion! Heaven attends him;

Heaven its Guardian-Angels lends him: Nor wonder Heaven's best Smile defends him,

When for Heaven his Sword he draws,

His Standard's Heaven, and Heaven's his Cause.

LI. "Albion, Hail; The Gods present Thee." (P. 71.)

From Albion and Albanius, 1685, act III. Sung by Venus. During the first stanza, "Graces and Loves, Dance an Entry," and during the second stanza, "the Hero's Dance is perform'd."

LII. "Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen." (P. 72.)

From Sylvae: or, The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies, 1685, pp. 464-466. There is a setting by William Boyce in The Merry Musician, ca. 1735, IV, 3-4; Calliope, ca. 1738, I, 187; and in a collection of single songs in the British Museum [G. 305. (138)]. An anonymous Latin translation of "Mr. Dryden's pleasing and noted Song" was published by Motteux in The Gentleman's Journal, September, 1693, pp. 309-310. Texts of the words, in some cases with the addition of a spurious fourth stanza, are to be found in the following collections: Sylvae: or, The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies, 1692, pp. 280-282; 1702, pp. 150-152; The Second Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, p. 253; 1727, p. 249; Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, pp. 190-191; Wit's Cabinet, ca. 1699, pp. 150-151 (four stanzas); The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, pp. 142-143 (four stanzas); The Cupid, 1736, p. 185; 1739, pp. 205-206; A New Academy of Complements, 1748, pp. 118-119 (four stanzas); and The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 458.

LIII. "Go tell Amynta gentle Swain." (P. 73.)

From Sylvae: or, The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies, 1685, pp. 467-468. Several musical settings are extant. The earliest, by Robert King, is in The Theater of Music, 1685, I, 30; and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1700, 1707, and 1712, II, 258; 1719, IV, 301-302. Another, by Henry Purcell, is in a manuscript dating from as early as 1686 (Addit. MS. 30382, ff. 36-37°); Orpheus Britannicus, 1706, I, 263-265; ca. 1745, pp. 109-110; and The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. W. B. Squire and J. A. Fuller-Maitland, 1922, XXII, 133-136. In 1760 it was printed to an anonymous air in The Universal Magazine, 1760, XXVII, 261-262. Later in the century James

NOTES 167

Elliott turned the song into a glee for four voices (Addit. MS. 31804, ff. 70–72°), and Maria Hester Park, precocious daughter of a noted oboist, who made her first public appearance as a singer at the age of seven, made a glee of it for three voices (Addit. MS. 31807, ff. 90°–91°). The words of the song are printed in Sylvae: or, The Second Part of Poetica Miscellanies, 1692, pp. 283–284; The Second Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 367–368; 1727, p. 363; Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, p. 191; The Hive, 1733, II, 20; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 308–309; 1738, II, 263; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 195; and The Charmer, 1782, II, 189–190.

LIV. "From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony." (P. 75.)

From the broadside edition, "Printed for T. Dring, in Fleetstreet. 1687." Giovanni Battista Draghi composed the original music, but his work was eclipsed by Händel's celebrated setting of later date. Draghi's manuscript is in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society and names twelve singers: Turner, Abell, Boucher, Robart, Marsh, Church, Freeman, Gosling, Woodson, James Hart, Bowman, and Williams. There is another seventeenth-century manuscript of Draghi's music in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 33287, ff. 221v-229v). Among editions of Händel's music may be cited that of the German Händelgesellschaft, Leipzig, 1866. For information relative to the performance of the ode, see W. H. Husk, An Account of the Musical Celebrations on St. Cecilia's Day, 1857, pp. 21-24. Scott (The Works of John Dryden, 1808, XI, 168) regarded The Faerie Queene, II, ix, 22, as a possible source for the latter part of Dryden's first stanza, and Saintsbury in his reprint of Scott's edition (1885, XI, 170) notes that the words "Groundwork for a Song on St. Cecilia's Day" are written in Dryden's copy of The Fairie Queene, VII, vii, 12, preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge. Franz Harder ("Eine Deutsche Anregung zu Drydens 'Alexander's Feast'?" Englische Studien, 1926, LXI, 177-182) cites a curious parallel to the reference to Jubal in a poem by Jakob Vogel printed in Daniel Georg Morhof's

Unterricht von der teutschen Sprache und Poesie, 1682. Dryden's words can be found in Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, 1693, pp. 242-246; Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, pp. 195-197; Deliciae Poeticae, 1706, pp. 93-95; The Hive, 1733, II, 87-89; and The Bagford Ballads, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1878, II, 811-813. Tom D'Urfey's ode for the 1691 feast (Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719, I, 70-71) is indebted to Dryden's ode for the 1687 feast in a number of particulars. The following lines are especially reminiscent of Dryden's third stanza:

And first the Trumpets Part
Inflames the Heroe's Heart;
The Martial Noise compleats his Joys,
And Soul Inspires by Art:
And now he thinks he's in the Field,
And now he makes the foe to yield;
Now Victory does eagerly pursue,
And Music's warlike Notes make every fancy true.

LV. "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" (P. 78.)

From The Prophetess: or, The History of Dioclesian, 1690, act III. The authenticity of this song is doubtful. Langbaine (An Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691, p. 214) ascribes The Prophetess, an opera made out of Fletcher and Massinger's play of the same name, to Dryden. But Gildon (The Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets, 1699, p. 60) specifically contradicts Langbaine's statement and gives the alteration to Betterton. Downes (Roscius Anglicanus, 1708, p. 42) furnishes independent evidence in support of Gildon. The notion that Dryden somehow had a hand in the work has nevertheless persisted. Certainly he contributed a prologue, and Professor Saintsbury (The Works of John Dryden, 1884, VIII, 10) is of the opinion that "the lyric insertions, which are neither voluminous, nor specially remarkable, sometimes have a flavour of him." Mr. Norman Ault, who prints the present song in his Seventeenth Century Lyrics, 1928,

NOTES 169

pp. 430-431, appears to hold a similar view, as does Mr. R. G. Ham in an interesting letter to The Times Literary Supplement, Thursday, October 8, 1931, p. 778. It should be added, however, that if the "late Opera" mentioned by Dryden in the preface to Amphitryon was The Prophetess (and it is reasonable to suppose that it was), the probability that he was connected with the authorship of it is greatly diminished. For a judicial summary of the claims of Betterton, see A. C. Sprague, Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage, 1926, pp. 69-71. It is also highly significant that two songs from The Prophetess ("Let monarchs fight" and "Let the soldiers rejoice") are ascribed to Betterton in the contemporary Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, Nos. 1 and 2, and that Dryden does not mention The Prophetess in the accurate catalogue of his plays prefixed to the first edition of King Arthur, 1691.

The present song, like the other lyrical portions of the opera, was composed by Henry Purcell. It appears with his music in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1700, 1707, and 1712, II, 293-294; 1719, IV, 234-235; Addit. MS. 35043, f. 11; Addit. MS. 30303, f. 8v; and The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. Sir F. Bridge and J. Pointer, 1900, IX, 63-66. The tune was also utilized in The Beggar's Opera, 1728, air VI, and The Jew Decoy'd, 1735, air VIII. Texts of the words can be found in Wit's Cabinet, ca. 1699, p. 152; The Compleat Academy of Complements, 1705, p. 141; The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, P. 143; A New Academy of Complements, 1715, p. 144; The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 84; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734 and 1738, I, 114-115; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1735, I, 51; The Cupid, 1736, p. 121; 1739, p. 137; The Choice, 1737, I, 97; A New Academy of Compliments, 1743, pp. 140-141; 1748, p. 119; 1789, p. 100; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 555.

LVI. "Celia, that I once was blest." (P. 79.)

From Amphitryon; or, The Two Socia's, 1690, act III. Purcell's music was originally published with the first edition of the play in a supplement entitled The Songs in Amphitryon,

with the Music, 1690, pp. 1-2, and it has been edited for the Purcell Society by Alan Gray (The Works of Henry Purcell, 1906, XVI, 31). The words and music can also be found in Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, No. 17 (Bowman is specified as the singer); Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1700, 1707, and 1712, II, 303-304; 1719, IV, 257-258; and Addit. MS. 22099, f. 44, dating from about 1705. The words alone can be found in The Compleat Academy of Complements, 1705, pp. 131-132 (with the addition of a spurious fourth stanza); The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, pp. 125-126; A New Academy of Complements, 1715, pp. 139-140; The Hive, 1732, I, 126; The Cupid, 1736, p. 64; 1739, p. 72; A New Academy of Compliments, 1748, p. 108; ca. 1750 and 1784, pp. 134-135; 1789, p. 90. Expanded to ten stanzas it was published as a broadside ballad by C. Bates under the title of Coy Celia's Cruelty, a copy being preserved in the Earl of Crawford's collection (Bibliotheca Lindesiana Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads, 1890, No. 208). Among ballads that were sung to the tune of "Celia, that I once was blest" may be mentioned The False-hearted Lover and The Young-Mans Lamentation (The Pepys Ballads, ed. H. E. Rollins, 1931, VII, 149-156), and Constant Cloris [British Museum: C. 39. k. 6. (23)]. The tune was also used by Chetwood in The Lover's Opera, 1729, air XII.

LVII. "Fair Iris I love, and hourly I dye." (P. 80.)

From Amphitryon; or, The Two Socia's, 1690, act IV. The part of Mercury was originally played by Lee. Purcell's music was first published in The Songs in Amphitryon, with the Musick, 1690, pp. 3-4 (appended to the first edition of the play), and it is here that the corrupt first line, "For Iris I sigh and hourly die," which was usually adopted in later texts, first established itself. The words and music are also printed in Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, No. 18; in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1700, 1707, and 1712, II, 305; 1719, IV, 246-247; and, edited by Gray, in The Works of Henry Purcell,

1906, XVI, 32-33. An altered version, with music by the popular composer James Hook, was "Sung by Mr. Dubellamy at Marybone Gardens" in 1774. One single-sheet edition of this version in the British Museum [G. 307. (247)] begins "For Polly I sigh," and another [H. 1994. b. (21)] begins "For Sally I sigh." The former consists of only two stanzas. The words of Dryden's song appear without the music in A New Academy of Complements, 1715, p. 139; The Hive, 1732, I, 56; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 257; 1738, II, 205-206; The Cupid, 1736, p. 150; 1739, p. 175; The Nightingale, 1738, p. 134; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 155; The London Songster, 1773, pp. 395-396; and The Masque, ca. 1790, p. 91. The British Museum [C. 39. k. 6. (48)] has an edition of the song expanded to eight stanzas and published by C. Bates as a broadside ballad.

LVIII. "Fair Iris and her Swain." (P. 81.)

From Amphitryon; or, The Two Socia's, 1690, act IV. Purcell's music can be found in The Songs in Amphitryon, with the Musick, 1690, pp. 5-13 (appended to the first edition of the play); in Orpheus Britannicus, 1702 and 1711, II, 153-156; ca. 1745, pp. 107-108; in Thesaurus Musicus, ca. 1765, pp. 16-18; and, edited by Alan Gray, in The Works of Henry Purcell, 1906, XVI, 34-41. There is a different air entitled "Fair Iris and her swain" in Charles Coffey's ballad-opera The Female Parson, 1730, air VII. The words can be found in The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 175-176; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1736, III, 35-36; The Choice, 1737, I, 118-119; The Cupid, 1739, pp. 249-250 (a ten-line chorus is inserted before the last stanza); The Aviary, ca. 1750, pp. 158-159; and The Tea-Table Miscellany, 1762, pp. 232-234 (among other variations the last stanza is omitted and a spurious stanza inserted in its place). According to an advertisement in The Daily Courant, No. 376, Leveridge and Mrs. Campion sang the dialogue of "Fair Iris, &c" at a revival of The Relapse at Drury Lane, Thursday, July 1, 1703.

LIX. "Woden, first to thee." (P. 83.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act I. King Arthur was composed by Henry Purcell, and was much more successful than Grabu's Albion and Albanius. There are two modern reprints of the whole opera, the first edited by Edward Taylor for the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1843, and the second edited by Dennis Arundell for the Purcell Society in 1928 as volume XXVI of The Works of Henry Purcell. There is a very full list of the manuscript versions of Purcell's music in Arundell's edition (pp. iii-vi), and references to these are accordingly omitted in the ensuing notes on the individual songs.

The present sacrificial song is intended for four soloists,—a bass, a tenor, an alto, and a soprano,—together with a chorus of priests. The first seventeen lines are printed as a separate song in *Orpheus Britannicus*, 1711, II, 182–183. The last nine lines, from "I call ye all" to the end of the song, are also printed separately in *Orpheus Britannicus*, 1706, I, 231–232, and in a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [H. 1601. (251)]. At a performance of *The School-Boy*, Tuesday, March 28, 1704 (see *The Daily Courant*, No. 608), "The Sacrifice in King *Arthur*" was sung as part of a miscellaneous entertainment of singing and dancing.

LX. "Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound." (P. 84.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act I. After a battle "supposed to be given behind the Scenes," the Britons "sing this Song of Triumph." The words and music are in Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, No. 6, and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, 1714, I, 313; 1719, III, 288–289. The last line of the first stanza is borrowed from the third stanza of A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

LXI. "Hither this way, this way bend." (P. 85.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act II. Two interruptions occur in the song, the first after line 17 and the

NOTES 173

second after line 23. The stage directions at the latter point read: "They all incline to Philidel." Lines 1-23 are printed separately in Orpheus Britannicus, 1706, I, 283-286. During the first interruption, and before the song is resumed at line 18, the song beginning "Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye" is sung.

LXII. "Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye." (P. 86.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act II. Sung by Grimbald.

LXIII. "How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses." (P. 87.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act II. Sung by a shepherd. The words and music are in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, 1714, I, 314; 1719, III, 290-291. The words alone are in The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, pp. 138-139; The Hive, 1732, I, 150; The Choice, 1737, I, 75; and The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 227. An expanded version of seven stanzas was published by C. Bates as a broadside ballad about 1691. There is a copy in the British Museum [C. 39. k. 6. (25)]. The tune was used by Drury in his ballad-opera The Mad Captain, 1733, air XXVI.

LXIV. "Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying." (P. 88.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act II. Sung by two shepherdesses, and intended as an answer to the preceding song. The parts of the shepherdesses were taken by boys with treble voices. The words and music are in Orpheus Britannicus, 1706, I, 236-237; the words alone in The Hive, 1732, I, 150-151, and The Choice, 1737, I, 75-76.

LXV. "We must work, we must haste." (P. 88.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. Sung by Philidel.

LXVI. "Thus, thus I infuse." (P. 89.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. Sung by Philidel, who "approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial."

LXVII. "Oh Sight, the Mother of Desires." (P. 89.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. The words are printed in The Hive, 1732, I, 28, and The Choice, 1737, I, 204.

LXVIII. "What ho, thou Genius of the Clime, what ho!" (P. 90.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. With the exception of the last four lines, this is printed with the music in Orpheus Britannicus, 1706, I, 275-282, where it is entitled "The Frost Scene in the Third Act of King Arthur." The words alone, the last four lines being again omitted, are in The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 79-80. The "Frost Music," under which title the song became known, was a popular piece in the early eighteenth century for performance between the acts of stage plays. On Friday, June 30, 1705, for example, according to an advertisement in The Daily Courant, No. 1001, it was sung at a revival of The Royal Merchant. In 1715 it was sung at thirteen performances of The Island Princess by the singers Leveridge, Pack, Cook, Jones, Reading, Mrs. Cross, and Mrs. Cook. Advertisements of these performances appeared on the days when they were to take place in The Daily Courant, Nos. 4138, 4139, 4147, 4151, 4157, 4169, 4189, 4195, 4212, 4227, 4353, 4359, and 4397, for January 28 and 29, February 8, 12, and 19, March 5 and 29, April 5 and 25, May 12, October 6 and 13, and November 26. In the following year the "Frost Musick" was again sung by some of the same singers at revivals of The Island Princess on March 24, May 10, May 22, and December 17, 1716 (see The Daily Courant, Nos. 4501, 4541, 4551, and 4730). Doubtless it was sung at many other revivals which

either I have failed to notice or which perhaps were not mentioned in advertisements in the daily journals. The next song was probably included with the "Frost Musick" at these performances.

LXIX. "See, see, we assemble." (P. 92.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. The last stanza is sung by a chorus of "cold people."

LXX. "Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender." (P. 93.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act III. Sung by Cupid. The words and music are in Thesaurus Musicus, 1694, II, 27-30; Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 159-161; 1706, I, 130-138; ca. 1745, pp. 77-78; A Collection of the most Celebrated Songs & Dialogues composed by ye late famous Mr. Henry Purcell, ca. 1705, pp. 26-27; Mr Henr. Purcell's Favourite Songs, ca. 1725, Nos. 41, 42; Harmonia Anglicana, ca. 1765, pp. 46-47; and Thesaurus Musicus, ca. 1765, pp. 70-71. The words are printed in The Hive, 1733, II, 60.

LXXI. "O pass not on, but stay." (P. 93.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act IV. According to the stage directions, "two Syrens arise from the Water; They shew themselves to the Waste, & sing." The second part of the song, beginning "Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we," is printed in Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 35-37; 1706, I, 13-15; ca. 1745, pp. 9-10; and Harmonia Anglicana, ca. 1765, pp. 22-23.

LXXII. "How happy the Lover." (P. 94.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act IV. The stage directions read: "Nymphs and Sylvanus come out from behind the Trees. Base and two Trebles sing the following Song to a Minuet. Dance with the Song, all with Branches in

their Hands." The words and music of the last four lines of the first stanza are printed in Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 45-47; 1706, I, 27-28; ca. 1745, p. 18; Harmonia Anglicana, ca. 1765, p. 28; in a collection of single-sheet songs in the British Museum [G. 316. (115)]; and without being recognized as Dryden's in The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. W. B. Squire and J. A. Fuller-Maitland, 1922, XXII, 118-119. The words of the whole song are printed without the music in The Hive, 1732, I, 38.

LXXIII. "Ye Blust'ring Brethren of the Skies." (P. 95.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Sung by Aeolus, "in a Cloud above."

LXXIV. "Round thy Coasts, Fair Nymph of Britain." (P. 96.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Sung by Pan and a Nereid.

LXXV. "For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains." (P. 96.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Sung by Pan and a Nereid. The words and music are in Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 213–215; 1706, I, 195–197; ca. 1745, pp. 94–95; Thesaurus Musicus, ca. 1765, pp. 2–3; and the words alone are in The Hive, 1732, I, 188.

LXXVI. "Your Hay it is Mow'd, & your Corn is Reap'd." (P. 97.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Purcell's music is printed with the words in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1707 and 1712, III, 223-224; 1719, V, 141-142; and in an early single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 304. (188)]. The words are in The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 660. An altered and expanded version, together with an answer, was published as a broadside ballad (The Roxburghe

Ballads, ed. W. Chappell, 1880, III, 610). The melody turns up under the title "We've cheated the parson" (from the first line of Dryden's second stanza) in Chetwood's The Lover's Opera, 1729, air XXVII; Gay's Polly, 1729, air XLVI; The Jovial Crew, 1731, air XLVIII; Gay's Achilles, 1733, air XVI; Coffey's The Merry Cobler, 1735, air I; and Court and Country, 1743, air III.

LXXVII. "Fairest Isle, all Isles Excelling." (P. 98.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Sung by Venus. Purcell's charming music is printed with the words in Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, 83 (the first and third stanzas only); 1706, I, 57 (the first and third stanzas only); ca. 1745, p. 34; Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1707 and 1709, IV, 216-217; 1720, VI, 56-57; The Musical Miscellany, 1731, VI, 200-201; Universal Harmony, 1745 and 1746, p. 109; The Vocal Enchantress, ca. 1783, pp. 204-205; and in a single-sheet edition published by R. Falkener about 1775 [British Museum: H. 1994. a. (83)]. In this last it is said to have been sung "by Mrs. Scott, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane," and it consists of but two stanzas. The words of the song are included in The Hive, 1732, I, 151; The Choice, 1733, III, 272; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 293; 1738, II, 225; The Nightingale, 1738, p. 182; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 155; The Muses Delight, 1754, p. 310; The Charmer, 1752 and 1782, I, 228; and The Busy Bee, ca. 1790, II, 184-185. A two-stanza imitation was quite as popular as Dryden's original song. As found in a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 303. (75)] it is entitled The Happy Man Set by Mr. Holcombe, and runs thus:

Happy Hours, all Hours excelling,
when retir'd from crowds and noise:
Happy is that silent dwelling,
fill'd with self-possessing Joys.
Happy that contented Creature,
who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults ye voice of nature,
when of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
fust as Reason turns the Scale;
Ev'ry State of Life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail:
Happy Man, who thus possesses,
Life, with some Companion dear;
foys imparted, still increases,
Greifs when told, soon disappear.

Holcombe's tune can also be found in *The Musical Miscellany*, 1730, IV, 166–167, and in *Calliope*, ca. 1738, I, 108. There is a different tune in another single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 316. e. (17)]; and the words of the imitation may be found in *The Hive*, 1732, IV, 101; *The Choice*, 1733, III, 233–234; *The Charmer*, 1752 and 1782, I, 270–271; *The Bull-Finch*, ca. 1780, p. 220; and *The Masque*, ca. 1790, p. 97.

LXXVIII. "St. George, the Patron of our Isle." (P. 99.)

From King Arthur: or, The British Worthy, 1691, act V. Sung by Honour.

LXXIX. "No no, poor suff'ring Heart no Change endeavour." (P. 100.)

From Cleomenes, the Spartan Heroe, 1692, act II. The words and music can be found in Comes Amoris, 1693, IV, 1; Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, No. 19; Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1707 and 1709, IV, 237-238; 1720, VI, 89-90; The Works of Henry Purcell, ed. Alan Gray, 1906, XVI, 120-121; and in two early manuscripts in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 35043, f. 5°; and Addit. MS. 24889, ff. 21°, 46°, 66°, and 89°). The first of these manuscripts dates from before 1700. In Joyful Cuckoldom the singer is said to have been Mrs. Butler. The words of the song can be found in The Compleat Academy of Complements, 1705, pp. 116-117; The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, pp. 127-128; A New Academy of Complements, 1715, p. 141; The Hive, 1732, I, 211; and A New Academy of Complements, 1748, pp. 109-110; 1789, pp. 91-92.

LXXX. "Ask not the Cause, why sullen Spring." (P. 101.)

From Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, 1693, pp. 255-257. A musical setting attributed to John Blow is printed with the first two stanzas of the words in Mercurius Musicus, March, 1699, pp. 45-47. There is a different tune in The Musical Miscellany, 1730, III, 198-200, and The Merry Musician, ca. 1731, III, 151-152. The words are in Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, p. 194; The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 284-285; 1727, pp. 279-280; The Hive, 1733, II, 56; The Choice, 1733, III, 26-27; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 158; 1738, II, 123; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1736, IV, 32; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 35; The Charmer, 1782, II, 151-152.

LXXXI. "Creator Spirit, by whose aid." (P. 102.)

From Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, 1693, pp. 307-309. There are later texts in Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, p. 197; Miscellanea Sacra, 1705, pp. 7-9; and The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 251-252; 1727, pp. 248-249. Veni Creator Spiritus is one of the most widely known of mediaeval Latin hymns. Ekkehard ascribed it to Charles the Great, but it is probably not older than the tenth century. An authoritative text is given in Guido Maria Dreves, Analecta Hymnica, 1888, II, 93-94. As edited in A. S. Walpole's Early Latin Hymns, 1922, pp. 374-376, it reads as follows:

Veni creator Spiritus, mentes tuorum uisita, imple superna gratia, quae tu creasti pectora:

qui Paraclitus diceris, donum Dei altissimi, fons uiuus, ignis, caritas, et spiritalis unctio. tu septiformis munere, dextrae Dei tu digitus, tu rite promisso Patris sermone ditas guttura.

accende lumen sensibus, infunde amorem cordibus, infirma nostri corporis uirtute firmans perpeti.

hostem repellas longius, pacemque dones protinus, ductore sic te praeuio uitemus omne noxium.

per te sciamus da Patrem, noscamus atque Filium, te utriusque Spiritum credamus omni tempore.

LXXXII. "Chloe found Amyntas lying." (P. 105.)

From Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, 1693, pp. 429-430. The earliest musical setting is by John Gilbert in Deliciae Musicae, 1695, II, 2, and Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, and 1714, I, 232-233; 1719, I, 328-329. There is also a setting by John Blow in Amphion Anglicus, 1700, pp. 92-100, and the song was printed to a "French air" in The Vocal Magazine, 1798, II, No. 102. The words alone are in Dryden's Poems on Various Occasions, 1701, p. 186; The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, p. 211; 1727, p. 209; The Choice, 1733, III, 1-2; The Vocal Miscellany, 1734, II, 105; 1738, II, 75-76; A Collection of Songs, 1762, p. 176; and The Buck's Bottle Companion, 1775, p. 176 (the third stanza and the first, second, fifth, and sixth lines of the second stanza are omitted).

LXXXIII. "What State of Life can be so blest." (P. 108.)

From Love Triumphant; or, Nature will Prevail, 1694, act III. Music by John Eccles is contained in Thesaurus Musicus, 1694, II, 31; Joyful Cuckoldom, ca. 1695, No. 34; and Wit and Mirth:

or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1707 and 1709, IV, 269-270. In all of these collections the singer is said to have been Mrs. Hudson. The words alone are in Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1720, VI, 163; The Hive, ca. 1733, III, 215-216; The Cupid, 1736, p. 105; 1739, p. 119; and The Choice, 1737, I, 80.

LXXXIV. "Young I am, and yet unskill'd." (P. 110.)

From Love Triumphant; or, Nature will Prevail, 1694, act V. The music for this song was also composed by Eccles, and may be found with the words in Thesaurus Musicus, 1694, II, 2; The Gentleman's Journal, January and February, 1694, p. 35 (two stanzas only); Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1699, 1707, and 1714, I, 238; 1719, III, 227-228; and Addit. MS. 35043, f. 6v. The tune appears with other words in Lillo's ballad-opera Silvia, 1730, air XX, and Lillo's words were later printed in The Musical Companion, 1741, p. 35. The original song can be found without the music in Wit's Cabinet, ca. 1699, pp. 146-147; The Theatre of Ingenuity, 1704, p. 149 (two stanzas only); The Compleat Academy of Complements, 1705, pp. 120-121; The Compleat English Secretary, 1714, pp. 121-122; A New Academy of Complements, 1715, pp. 132-133; The Muses Holiday, ca. 1730, p. 62; The Hive, 1732, I, 66; The Cupid, 1736, p. 15; 1739, p. 13; The Choice, 1737, I, 70-71; A New Academy of Compliments, 1748, p. 105; ca. 1750 and 1784, p. 141; 1789, p. 87; The Aviary, ca. 1750, pp. 654-655; The Charmer, 1752 and 1782, I, 201; The Muses Delight, 1754, p. 302; and The Busy Bee, ca. 1790, II, 177-178.

LXXXV. "Mark how the Lark and Linnet Sing." (P. 112.)

From the first edition, 1696. The title-page reads:

[within a rule] / AN / ODE, / ON THE / DEATH / OF / Mr. Henry Purcell; / Late Servant to his Majesty, and / Organist of the Chapel Royal, / and of St. Peter's Westminster. / [rule] / The Words by Mr. Dryden, and Sett to / Musick by Dr. Blow. / [double rule] /

LONDON, / Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford, at his Shop / in the Temple Change Fleetstreet, or at his House in / Arundel-street over against the Blew Ball. 1696.

Dryden's ode is printed on the verso of the title-page in the first edition, and also, with Blow's music, on pp. 1-30. It appears without the music among the prefatory poems in Orpheus Britannicus, 1698, I, iv; in Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, ca. 1706, pp. 172-173; and in The Grove, 1721, pp. 235-237. Purcell died November 21, 1695. Arthur Bedford, a disciple of Jeremy Collier, attacked the ode as blasphemous in The Great Abuse of Musick, 1711, pp. 163-165.

LXXXVI. "'Twas at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won." (P. 114.)

From the first edition, 1697. The title-page reads:

Alexander's Feast; / OR THE / POWER / OF / MUSIQUE. / AN / ODE, / In Honour of / St. CECILIA's Day. / [double rule] / By Mr. DRYDEN. / [double rule] / LONDON, / Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head near the / Inner-Temple-Gate, in Fleet-street. 1697.

Alexander's Feast, Dryden's second ode for St. Cecilia's Day, was performed at Stationer's Hall on Monday, November 22, 1697. Jeremiah Clarke's music was not printed. Advertisements in The Post Boy, Nos. 405 and 407, announced performances of the ode at Hickford's Dancing School on Thursday, December 9, for the benefit of Clarke and Le Riche, and at York Buildings on Thursday, December 16, for the benefit of Le Riche, who appears from Addit. MS. 35043, ff. 105-106, to have composed an overture for the ode. Purcell's name is ambiguously associated with Alexander's Feast in some lines by Dr. Kenrick in The Grove, 1721, p. 123:

Such Bliss we feel, if we but *Purcell* hear, We're Transport all, and wish each Pore an Ear: Transport, which only can be well exprest, In *Dryden's* Words, at *Alexander's* Feast.

NOTES 183

Händel's later musical setting has made the song known to many generations of music-lovers, and has often been reprinted, for example by the German Händelgesellschaft, Leipzig, 1862. Without listing the various editions of Händel's work, it may be remarked that the chorus of the first stanza attained a certain vogue as a separate song, and is printed as such in Calliope, ca. 1739, II, 92-93; The Muses Delight, 1754, pp. 110-112; and Harmonia Anglicana, ca. 1765, pp. 12-15. The words of the whole ode were printed in two little-known miscellanies: A Select Collection of Modern Poems, Dublin, 1713, pp. 153-160, and The Poetical Miscellany, 1762, pp. 283-290. F. Harder ("Eine Deutsche Anregung zu Drydens 'Alexander's Feast'?" Englische Studien, 1926, LXI, 177-182) has suggested that Dryden was influenced in both of his St. Cecilia's Day odes by a war-song ascribed to Jakob Vogel and printed by Daniel Georg Morhof in his Unterricht von der teutschen Sprache und Poesie, 1682. Among the lines quoted by Harder, the following are the most remarkable for their similarity in form and content to Alexander's Feast:

> Dromml und Pfeiffn gut Macht Heldenmuth, Erweckt Prophetn, Reitzt die Poetn, In Fried und Streit, Hört mans allzeit, Musicam soll man ehren, Man kann ihr nicht entbehren. Man schreibt, dass wenn Timotheus Nach der Dorier weise thet singen: Als ein berühmter Musicus Kondt er in Harnisch bringen: Alexandrum Magnum, den Held, Streitts satt kondt er nicht werden, Biss er zwang fast die ganze Welt, Bekriegt den Kreyss der Erden. Timotheus, Milesius, Kondt gewaltig singn, Thet mit auffbringen

Alexandrum,
Regem Magnum
Das er in Wuth
Und Heldenmuth
Fast Schild, Schwert, und Kriegswaffen,
Im Grimm die Feind zu straffen.

LXXXVII. "Look, look, I see — I see my Love appear." (P. 121.)

From The Pilgrim, 1700, pp. 43-46. The performance of The Pilgrim for which this and the following song were written took place after Dryden's death, probably about April 29 (see A. C. Sprague, Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage, 1926, pp. 89-93). The stage directions call for "Musick within" before the present song commences, and then "The Lovers enter at Opposite Doors, each held by a Keeper." After line 20, "they break from their Keepers; run to each other, and embrace," and at the conclusion of the song, "They run out together hand in hand."

LXXXVIII. "Chronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace." (P. 123.)

From The Pilgrim, 1700, pp. 47-54. There is a sympathetic interpretation of The Secular Masque in Mr. F. W. Bateson's English Comic Drama 1700-1750, 1929, pp. 1-3. I have been unable to trace the music for the whole masque, but there is a manuscript in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 29378, ff. 194-205°) of the part composed by Daniel Purcell. His airs, moreover, were published in a volume entitled A Collection of New Songs... Compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcel. Perform'd in the Revis'd Comedy call'd the Pilgrim, 1700, which contains the first, third, fourth, and fifth stanzas. Janus was sung by Freeman, according to this collection, Momus by Pate, and Diana by Mrs. Erwin. The passage sung by Venus beginning "Calms appear when storms are past" was set to music by Gottfried Finger, a German who is said to have left England in disgust when he was awarded the fourth prize in the competition to set

Congreve's Judgment of Paris to music in 1701. There is a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 151. (35)] of the song of Venus as it was sung by Mrs. Campion, and it was printed without the music in A Collection of Songs, 1762, pp. 76-77, and The Buck's Bottle Companion, 1775, pp. 76-77. Other passages were also separately published, Diana's "With horns and with hounds" being especially popular. This came out with Daniel Purcell's music in a single-sheet edition [British Museum: G. 151. (172)], and later, when set by William Boyce, in A Choice Collection of Favorite Hunting Songs, ca. 1770, I, 32-33; in a single-sheet edition in the British Museum [G. 313. (259)]; and without the music in The Wreath, 1753, p. 201; A Collection Of Songs, 1762, p. 203; The Town and Country Song-Book, ca. 1770, p. [8] (sung by Miss Poitier at the theater in Covent Garden); The London Songster, 1773, p. 383 (sung by Miss Poitier at Covent Garden); The Buck's Bottle Companion, 1775, p. 203; The Bull-Finch, ca. 1775, p. 34 (sung by Mrs. Vernon at Covent Garden); ca. 1780, p. 101 (sung by Mrs. Baker at Covent Garden); The Masque, ca. 1790, p. 241; and The Busy Bee, ca. 1790, III, 75. Boyce's Lyra Britannica, ca. 1750, pp. 1-9, contains his settings for "With horns and with hounds," "Thy sword within the scabbard keep," and "Calms appear." The first stanza of the masque was published with D. Purcell's music in Mercurius Musicus, May, 1700, pp. 31-32, and as a single song [British Museum: G. 315. (154)]. There is a manuscript of a setting by James Hook for "With horns and with hounds" in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

LXXXIX. "Happy and free, securely blest." (P. 127.)

From A New Miscellany of Original Poems, 1701, pp. 257-258. Scott (The Works of John Dryden, 1808, XI, 163) was of the opinion that these verses were addressed to Louise de la Querouaille. A seventeenth-century manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. MS. 1264, ff. 78^v-80) contains the only musical setting, which is perhaps attributable to Cornelio Galli, a

talented Italian who was one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel to Queen Catherine in the time of Charles II.

XC. "A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear." (P. 128.)

From Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704, pp. 182-183. No early musical setting is known, but James Elliott made the song into a glee which is printed in Orpheus, 1905, No. 386. Scott (The Works of John Dryden, 1808, XI, 175) observed that the "obvious application of this song is to the banishment of King James, and his beautiful consort Mary of Este." This conjecture is supported by the fact that there is a copy of the song headed "Written by Mr. Dryden, in the Year 1691" in The Miscellaneous Works of His Grace George, Late Duke of Buckingham, 1707, I, 122-123. The words can also be found in The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, p. 51; 1727, pp. 50-51; The Muses Holiday, ca. 1730, pp. 117-118; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1736, IV, 10; The Choice, 1737, I, 161-162; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 31; and The Tea-Table Miscellany, 1762, pp. 273-274.

XCI. "Fair, sweet and young, receive a Prize." (P. 131.)

From Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704, pp. 263-264. The words may be found in The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 118-119; 1727, p. 117; A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, 1736, IV, 159; The Aviary, ca. 1750, p. 161; The Muses Delight, 1754, p. 317 (the first four lines of the first and third stanzas only); The Tea-Table Miscellany, 1762, p. 184 (the first four lines of the first and third stanzas only); and The Charmer, 1782, II, 152-153.

XCII. "High State and Honours to others impart." (P. 133.)

From Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 1704, pp. 265-266. This was set by John Abell, and published as early as 1683 in

Choice Ayres and Songs, 1683, IV, 21. Three manuscripts of about the same date in the British Museum also contain the words and music (Addit. MS. 19759, f. 32^v; Addit. MS. 29397, ff. 8^v-9; Addit. MS. 30303, f. 5^v). The words are printed in The Second Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 174-175; 1727, p. 171; and The Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, 1716, pp. 119-120; 1727, pp. 117-118.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear 128	Fairest isle all isles excelling 98 Farewell fair Armeda my joy and
After the pangs of a desperate	my grief 30
lover	Farewell ungrateful traitor 58
Ah fading joy how quickly art	For folded flocks on fruitful
thou past 5	plains 96
Ah how sweet it is to love 21	From harmony from heavenly
Albion hail the gods present thee 71	harmony 75
Albion loved of gods and men . 70	From the low palace of old
All hail ye royal pair 67	Father Ocean 70
Around around we pace 12	, , ,
Ask not the cause why sullen	'Gainst keepers we petition 56
spring 101	Go tell Amynta gentle swain . 73
	Go thy way
Beneath a myrtle shade 30	
Blind love to this hour 10	Happy and free securely blest . 127
By a dismal cypress lying 57	Hark my Damilcar we are called
Calm was the even and clear was	LI 11
the sky	High state and honors to others
Can life be a blessing	impart
Cease Augusta cease thy mourn-	Hither this way this way bend . 85
ing	How blest are shepherds how
Celia that I once was blest 79	happy their lasses 87
Celimena of my heart	How happy the lover 94
Chloe found Amyntas lying 105	How unhappy a lover am I 35
Choose the darkest part of the	33 - 33 - 35 - 35 - 35 - 35 - 35 - 35 -
grove	I feed a flame within which so
Chronos Chronos mend thy page 122	torments me 6
come if you dare our trumpets	I looked and saw within the book
sound	of fate 5
Creator spirit by whose aid 102	I my own jailor was my only foe 57
	<i>y y y y y y y y y y</i>
Dry those eyes which are o're-	Let not a moon-born elf mislead
flowing	ye 86
	Long betwixt love and fear Phil-
Eveillez-vous belles endormies . 42	lis tormented 44
	Look down ye blest above look
Fair Iris and her swain 81	down
The 1118 I love and hourly I die lo	Look look I see I see my love
and young receive a	appear
prize	Look up look up and see 49
	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Make ready fair lady to-night.	9	Thus thus I infuse	80
Malicorn Malicorn ho	60	'Twas at the royal feast for	- 7
Mark how the lark and linnet		Persia won	114
sing			* * *
		We must work we must haste .	88
No no poor suffering heart no		We want music we want mirth.	
change endeavor	100	What ho thou genius of the clime	
8		what ho	
O pass not on but stay	93	What shall I do to show how	
O sight the mother of desires	89	much I love her	
Old Father Ocean calls my tide	68	What state of life can be so blest	•
On a bank beside a willow	64	Where does proud Ambition	
	-4	dwell	
Phæbus god beloved by men .	50	Wherever I am and whatever I	
Poor mortals that are clogged	30	do	22
with earth below	4	Whilst Alexis lay pressed	_
With the bold with the contract of the contrac	7	Who ever saw a noble sight	
Round thy coasts fair nymph of		Why should a foolish marriage	
Britain	06	vow	
21114111	90	Woden first to thee	
St. George the patron of our isle	99		03
See see we assemble	99	Ye blustering brethren of the	
Shepherd shepherd leave decoy-	9~	skies	0.5
ing	88	Ye nymphs the charge is royal.	68
Sound a parley ye fair and su-	00	You charmed me not with that	00
render	02	fair face	22
Sylvia the fair in the bloom of	93	You pleasing dreams of love and	23
fifteen	72	sweet delight	2.1
mitten	12	You to whom victory we owe.	
Tell me Thirsis tell your anguish	6т	You twice ten hundred deities.	
The day is come I see it rise	46	Young I am and yet unskilled.	
Then zeal and commonwealth	40	Your hay it is mowed and your	110
infest	66	, ,	07
	~ ~		- ·

INDEX OF NAMES AND TITLES

Abell, John, 134, 167, 186 Account of the English Dramatick Poets, An, 168 Account of the Musical Celebrations on St. Cecilia's Day, An, 167 Achilles, 177 "Ah, fading joy, how quickly art thou past," vii, ix Albion and Albanius, ix, xi, 66-71, 146, 162–166, 172 Alexander's Feast, vii, 114, 182, 183 All for Love and The Spanish Fryar, 160 Almanzor and Almahide, 35-37, 151 Amboyna, 46-49, 157 Amphion Anglicus, 180 Amphitryon, ix, x, xi, 79-82, 138, 169-171 Analecta Hymnica, 179 Anglia, 146 Ariel's Songs in the Play Call'd the Tempest, The, 14-16, 146, 147 Arundell, Dennis, 172 Assignation, The, 42, 44, 156 Ault, Norman, 168 Aviary, The, 142, 148, 151, 155, 160, 161, 166, 167, 169, 171, 173, 176, 177, 179, 181, 186 Ayliff, Mrs. (singer), 147, 148

Bagford Ballads, The, 149, 168
Baker, Mrs. (singer), 185
Banister, John, ix, 14-16, 31, 146, 150
Banquet of Musick, The, 142
Bates, C., 170, 171, 173
Bateson, F. W., 184
Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage, 169, 184
Bedford, Arthur, 182
Beggar's Opera, The, 150, 169
Betterton, Thomas, ix, x, 168, 169

Bibliotheca Lindesiana Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads, 159, I 70 "Blame not your Armeda nor call her your grief," 155 Blow, John, xi, 103, 179, 180, 182 Boucher (singer), 167 Bowman (singer), 147, 167, 170 Boyce, William, 162, 166, 185 Bridge, Sir Frederick, 151, 169 Brutus of Alba: or, Augusta's Triumph, 163-165 Buck's Bottle Companion, The, 148, 180, 185 Bull-Finch, The, 178, 185 Busy Bee, The, 177, 181, 185 Butler, Mrs. (singer), 178

Calliope, 151, 166, 178, 183 "Calms appear when storms are past," 184, 185 Campion, Mrs. (singer), 171, 185 "Can Life be a Blessing," 159 Canting Academy, The, 149, 155, 156 Catherine of Braganza, 186 "Celia that I once was blest," 170 Chamber-Maid, The, 143 Chappell, William, 177 Charles II, ix, 163, 186 Charles the Great, 179 Charmer, The, 148, 151, 167, 177-179, 181, 186 Chetwood, William Rufus, 170, 177 Choice, The, 142, 148, 156, 159, 161, 162, 169, 171, 173, 174, 177-181, 186 Choice Ayres and Songs, ix, 134, 139, 158, 161, 187 Choice Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues, 8, 143, 149-151, 155-157 Choice Collection of Favorite Hunting Songs, A, 185

Choice Songs and Ayres for One Voyce, 25, 27, 31, 33, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 55, 63, 149-151, 155-157 Church (singer), 167 Clarke, Jeremiah, 182 Cleomenes, x, xi, 1∞, 178 Coffey, Charles, 171, 177 Collection of New Songs . . . Compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcel, A, 184 Collection of Songs, A, 148, 180, 185 Collection of Songs, Chiefly Such as are Eminent for Poetical Merit, A, 151 Collection of Songs . . . Compos'd by Mr. John Eccles, A, 158 Collection of the most Celebrated Songs & Dialogues composed by ye late famous Mr. Henry Purcell, A, 141, 175 Collier, Jeremy, 182 Comes Amoris, 178 Compleat Academy of Complements, The, 169, 170, 178, 181 Compleat Courtier, The, 149, 158-160 Compleat English Secretary, The, 166, 169, 170, 173, 178, 181 Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs, A, 148, 149, 162, 169, 171, 179, 186 Concealed Love. A Song, 152 Congreve, William, 185 Conjuror's Song, or The Croaking of the Toad, The, 141 Conquest of Granada, The, 30-34, 150, 151 Constant Cloris, 170 Cook (singer), 174 Cook, Mrs. (singer), 174 Court and Country, 177 Covent Garden Drolery, 139, 150, 152, 154, 156 Covent Garden Drollery (ed. Thorn-Drury), 154 Coy Celia's Cruelty, 170 Crawford, James Ludovic Lindsay, Earl of, 159, 170 Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden, The, 153 Crofts, Mrs. (singer), 160

166, 169-171, 181 Daily Courant, The, 171, 172, 174 Davenant, William, 145, 146 Deliciae Musicae, 106, 141, 147, 148, 180 Deliciae Poeticae, 168 Dent, E. J., 141, 147 Digby, Francis, Captain, 154, 155 Dorset, Charles Sackville, Earl of, viii Downes, John, 168 Draghi, Giovanni Battista, xi, 75, 167 Dreves, Guido Maria, 179 Dring, T., 167 Drury, Robert, 173 Dryden, John, vii-xi, 137, 138, 141, 142, 144-146, 148, 150, 152-163, 166–169, 171, 176, 177, 179, 180, 182-184, 186 Dryden Poetry & Prose, 160 Dubellamy (singer), 171 Duke of Guise, The, 60-64, 161 D'Urfey, Thomas, 168

Cross, Mrs. (singer), 174

Cupid, The, 149, 151, 156, 159-161,

Early Latin Hymns, 179 Ebsworth, J. W., 149, 155, 160, 168 Eccho Song, 15 Eccles, John, x, 109, 111, 159, 180, 181 Ekkehard, 179 Elizabethan Playhouse, The, 146 Elliott, James, 167, 186 Englische Studien, 167, 183 English Comic Drama 1700-1750, 184 Enjoyment. A Song at the King's House, 156 Epithalamium, 46 Erwin, Mrs. (singer), 184 Evans, Mrs. (singer), 157 Evening's Love, An, 23-29, 148-150 Examen Poeticum: Being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, 101-107, 168, 179, 180

Faerie Queene, The, 167 "Fair Iris and her swain," 171 Fair Stranger, The, 127 "Fair, sweet and young, receive a prize," 155 "Fair was my Mistress, and fine as a Bride," 150 Falkener, R., 177 False-hearted Lover, The, 170 "Farewell, dear Revechia, my joy and my grief," 154 "Farewell, fair Armeda, my joy and my grief," x, 138, 153-155, 161 "Farewell, my Calista," 155 "Farewell my dear Puggy, my Pullet, my Low-bell," 155 "Farewell thou false Philander," 160 "Farewell, ungrateful traitor," 160 Farmer, Thomas, 55, 158 Fashionable Lady, The, 161 Female Parson, The, 171 F[entum], I., 160 Fifth Part of Miscellany Poems, The, 179, 180, 186, 187 Finger, Gottfried, xi, 184 Fletcher, John, x, 168 "For Iris I sigh and hourly die," 170 "For Polly I sigh," 171 "For Sally I sigh," 171 Four New Plays, 141 Freeman (singer), 167, 184 "From the low palace of old Father Ocean," 162 "Frost Music," 174, 175 Froud (composer), 151 Fuller-Maitland, J. A., 166, 176

Galli, Cornelio, 185
Galliard, John Ernest, 149
Garden of Proserpine, The, 160
Gay, John, 177
Gentleman's Journal, The, 111, 166, 181
Gilbert, John, 106, 180
Gildon, Charles, 168
God Save the King, 162
Gosling (singer), 167

Gouge (composer), 161 Grabu, Louis, ix, xi, 162, 163, 172 Gray, Alan, 142, 147, 148, 158, 170, 171, 178 Great Abuse of Musick, The, 182 Grideline, or Secret Love, 143 Grove, The, 182 Gwyn, Mrs. Nell, 150

Ham, Roswell G., 169 Händel, G. F., 167, 183 "Happy Hours, all Hours excelling," 177 Happy Man, The, 177 Harder, Franz, 167, 183 Harmonia Anglicana, 147, 175, 176, 183 Harris (singer), 158 Hart, Charles, 148-150 Hart, James, 146, 167 Haynes, Joseph, 156 "High state and honors to others impart," 139 History of Restoration Drama, A, 141 Hive, The, 141, 143, 148-152, 155-157, 159-162, 167-171, 173-179, 181 Holborn-Drollery, 152 Holcombe, Henry, 177, 178 Hook, James, 171, 185 "How severe is forgetful old age," 152 "How unhappy a Lover am I, Whilst the flames in my brest I conceal," 152 Howard, Sir Robert, 141, 142 Hudson, Mrs. (singer), 109, 181 Humphrey, Pelham, ix, 8, 143, 146, 151 Husk, W. H., 167

"In a drear-nighted December," 160
Indian Emperour, The, vii, x, 5-8,
141, 142, 158
Indian Queen, The, x, 3, 4, 141, 142,
145, 158
Island Princess, The, 174

James II, 163, 186

Jew Decoy'd, The, 169

Johnson, Charles, 143, 155

Jones (singer), 174

Jovial Crew, The, 177

Joyful Cuckoldom, 169, 170, 172, 178, 180

Judgment of Paris, The, 185

Keats, John, 160
Kenrick, Daniel, 182
Kidson, Frank, 151
Kind Keeper, The, 56, 57, 159
King, Robert, 74, 166
King Arthur, x, xi, 83-100, 169, 172178
Kittredge, G. L., xii
Knep, Mrs. (singer), 143, 149
Knotting Song, The, viii

Lady's Song, The, 128 Langbaine, Gerard, x, 168 Lawrence, W. J., 146 Lee (singer), 170 Lee, Nathaniel, 157 Le Riche (composer), 182 "Let monarchs fight for power and fame," 169 "Let the soldiers rejoice," 169 Leveridge, Richard, 141, 171, 174 Lillo, George, 181 Lines Written at Sea, viii Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets, The, 168 Lock, Matthew, 145 London Drollery, 157 London Songster, The, 171, 185 Love Triumphant, x, 108-112, 180, 181 Lover's Opera, The, 170, 177 Lucas, Charles, 143 Lyra Britannica, 185

Mad Captain, The, 173
Malone, Edmund, 153, 154
Marriage A-la-Mode, viii, 40–43, 149,
155, 156

Marsh, Alphonso, ix, 25, 27, 33, 149, 151, 167 Marshall, Mrs. (singer), 155 Mary of Modena, 186 Masque, The, 149, 171, 178, 185 Massinger, Philip, x, 168 Mercurius Musicus, 103, 179, 185 Mercury's Song to Phædra, 80 Merry Cobler, The, 177 Merry Drollery Compleat. The Second Part, 149 Merry Drollery Complete. The First Part, 149 Merry Musician, The, 149, 150, 155, 166, 179 Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long, 143, 157 Minstrelcy of England, The, 151 Miscellanea Sacra, 179 Miscellaneous Works of His Grace George, Late Duke of Buckingham, The, 186 Miscellany Poems, vii, 65, 161, 162 Mock Songs and Joking Poems, 150, 155 Mock to, Calm was the Evening and cleer was the Skye, A, 150 Moffat, Alfred, 151 "Moll, I nere yet knew my mind," 150 Morhof, Daniel Georg, 167, 183 Motteux, Peter Anthony, 166 Mr Henr. Purcell's Favourite Songs, 141, 142, 148, 175 Muses Delight, The, 148, 162, 177, 181, 183, 186 Muses Holiday, The, 181, 186 Musica Antiqua, 151 Musical Companion, The, 181 Musical Miscellany, The, 149, 150, 155, 161, 177-179 Musical Quarterly, The, 146

New Academy of Complements, A, 166, 169-171, 178, 181
New Academy of Complements, The, 143, 145, 149-152

New Academy of Compliments, A, 169, 170, 178, 181

New Court-Songs, and Poems, 38, 143, 152, 155, 156

New Miscellany of Original Poems, A, 128, 185

Nicoll, Allardyce, 141

Nightingale, The, 155, 161, 171, 177

Ode, on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell, An, 112, 137-139, 181
Oedipus, 50-54, 157, 158
Oeuvres de Monsieur de Voiture, Les, 144
Orpheus, 186
Orpheus Britannicus, 141, 142, 147, 148, 166, 171-177, 182
Oswald, James, 162
Otway, Thomas, viii
Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, 182

Pack, Captain, 59, 63, 160, 161, 174 Paradise Lost, 146 Park, Maria Hester, 167 Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Thyrsis and Iris, A, 81 Pate (singer), 142, 184 Pepusch, John Christopher, 150 Pepys Ballads, The, 159, 170 Phillips, Edward, 143 Pilgrim, The, 121-127, 184 Pirate, The, 154 Plain Dealer, The, viii Playtord, John, viii Poems on Various Occasions, 162, 166-168, 179, 180 Poetical Miscellanies: the Fifth Part, 131-133, 139, 186 Poetical Miscellany, The, 183 Poetical Works of John Dryden, The, 162 Pointer, J., 169 Poitier, Miss (singer), 185 Polly, 177 "Poor Arinda in an Arbour lay sleeping," 155 Post Boy, The, 182

Powell, George, 163-165
"Pretty Peggy grant to me," 150
Procession in ye: Spanish Fryar, 159
Prophetess, The, ix, x, 79, 168, 169
Purcell, Daniel, xi, 141, 184, 185
Purcell, Henry, ix-xi, 137, 138, 141, 142, 145-148, 158, 166, 169-172, 177, 182

Querouaille, Louise de la, 185

Ralph, James, 161
Reading (singer), 174
Reeve, Mrs. Anne, 154
Rehearsal, The, x, 147, 152-154
Relapse, The, 171
Robart (singer), 167
Rochester, John Wilmot, Earl of, viii
Rollins, H. E., xii, 159, 170
Rondelay, 105
Roscius Anglicanus, 168
Roxburghe Ballads, The, 155, 160, 176
Royal Merchant, The, 174

"Sacrifice in King Arthur, The," 172 Saintsbury, George, x, 158, 167, 168 Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft, 141, 142, 145, 158 School-Boy, The, 172 Scott, Mrs. (singer), 177 Scott, Sir Walter, 144, 153, 158, 167, 185, 186 Sea Fight, The, 48 Second Part of Miscellany Poems, The, 166, 167, 187 Secret Love, 9, 143 Secular Masque, The, vii, xi, 123, 137, 184 Sedley, Sir Charles, viii Select Collection of Modern Poems, A, 183 Seventeenth Century Lyrics, 168 Shadwell, Thomas, 145, 146 "Sharp was the Air, and cold was the Ground," 150 Silvia, 181 Sir Martin Mar-all, 9-11, 143, 144

Slade, Mrs. (singer), 155 Smith, D. Nichol, 160 Smith, John Stafford, 151 Smith, Robert, ix, 39, 41, 45, 47, 155-157 "So closely, closely prest In his Clymena's Arms young Damon lay," 156 Song for a Girl, 110 Song for St. Cecilia's Day, A, vii, xi, 75, 172 Song of a Scholar and his Mistress, 121 Song of Jealousie, 108 Song to a Fair, Young Lady, Going out of Town In the Spring, 101 Song to Apollo, 50, 158 Songs in Amphitryon, with the Musick, The, 139, 169-171 Songs in the Indian Queen, The, 141 Spanish Fryar, The, 58-60, 159, 160 Sprague, A. C., 169, 184 Squire, W. Barclay, 141, 142, 145, 146, 158, 166, 176 Staggins, Nicholas, ix, 37, 43, 151, 156 State of Innocence, The, 50, 157 Strunk, W., 160 Swinburne, A. C., 160 Sylvae: or, The Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies, 72-75, 166, 167 Taylor, Edward, 172 Tears of Amynta, for the Death of

Taylor, Edward, 172
Tears of Amynta, for the Death of
Damon, The, 64
Tea-Table Miscellany, The, 155, 162,
171, 186
Tempest, The, x, 11-17, 145-147
Ten Seventeenth Century Songs, 151
Theater of Music, The, 74, 166
Theatre of Ingenuity, The, 181
Thesaurus Musicus, 109, 171, 175,
176, 180, 181
Thorn-Drury, G., 154
"Thy sword within the scabbard keep," 185
Times Literary Supplement, The, 169

Town and Country Song-Book, The, 185
Troilus and Cressida, 54, 158
Turner (singer), 167
Tyndall, J., 143
Tyrannick Love, x, 17-22, 147, 148

Unfeigned Friendship, 159 Universal Harmony, 162, 177 Universal Magazine, The, 166 Unterricht von der teutschen Sprache und Poesie, 168, 183

V., R., Gent., 152
Veni Creator Spiritus, xi, 102, 179
Venice Preserved, viii
Vernon, Mrs. (singer), 185
Village Opera, The, 8, 143, 155
Vocal Enchantress, The, 177
Vocal Magazine, The, 180
Vocal Miscellany, The, 141, 148, 149, 160, 162, 167, 169, 171, 177, 179, 180
Vogel, Jakob, 167, 183
Voiture, Vincent, 144

Walpole, A. S., 179 Warton, Joseph, 162 Waters, Thomas, 160 Westminster-Drollery, 139, 143, 150-152 Westminster Drollery, the Second Part, 156 "We've cheated the parson," 177 "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" x "Wherever I am and whatever I do," 1X William III, 163 Williams (singer), 167 Windsor-Drollery, 139, 143, 147-152 Wit and Drollery. Jovial Poems, 160 Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy, 149-151, 160, 166, 168-

170, 172, 173, 176–178, 180, 181

"With horns and with hounds," 185

Wits Academy, The, 143, 151, 156
Wits Cabinet, 161
Wit's Cabinet, 166, 169, 181
Woodson (singer), 167
Works of Henry Purcell, The, xi, 141, 142, 147, 148, 158, 166, 169-172, 176, 178

Works of John Dryden, The, 144, 154, 158, 167, 168, 185, 186
Wreath, The, 185
Wycherley, William, viii

Young-Mans Lamentation, The, 170

